Vol. CXLII. No. 1851.

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THE BYSTANDER June 7, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY

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Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Htl., quiet sit. Inclusive terms from R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

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Munich.–Grand Hotel Continental.–Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

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Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel on the Lake.–1st-cl. Sit. in private grounds. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths. Park, Tennis, Garage.

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Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

The Bystander, June 7, 1939 No. 1851. Vol. CXLII.

The Bystander

Mr. Chips Falls in Love

Mr. Chips and Kathy met while they were walking and climbing in the mountains, a twisted ankle and a rescue brought them together, and Chips arrived back at Brookfield after the holidays with a charming young wife. In the M.G.M.-British film version of James Hilton's now famous book, Robert Donat and Greer Garson play the parts which Leslie Banks and Constance Cummings took so brilliantly in the stage version last autumn in London. Victor Savile produced, and Sam Wood came over from America to direct *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, which was one of the films chosen to be shown to the King and Queen on their voyage to Canada, and has already been seen and mildly approved in America. In London, its premiere is at the Empire to-morrow night. The film Mr. Chips and the stage Mrs. Chips, Mr. Donat and Miss Cummings, will meet soon as members of the new Old Vic company, and among other parts will play *Romeo and Juliet* together

Close contact *with the people was a notable feature of the whole Royal tour, chats, handshakes, and close views being enjoyed by Canadians more freely than is usual here. This picture shows their Majesties crossing the Ottawa tram-tracks amid a crowd of war veterans after unveiling the National War Memorial; they are escorted by officials and the ever-present Mounties*

Tame Redskins *were gathered at Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, to greet their great white chief, wearing clothes their ancestors wore to watch French conquerors land there three hundred years ago and British conquerors turn them out two hundred years ago. They are of the Huron tribe, America's oldest, bear a banner marked "Réserve Huronne"*

The drum majorette *is a feature of most American pageantry, and so it was with no idea of ballyhoo-ing royalty that the Greenway High School band from Minnesota, U.S.A. travelled north to help welcome the King and Queen at Fort William, Ontario*

Smiling *poses like this were legion, prompted a Canadian journalist to say "the Queen merely has to smile and the continent is at her feet." Their Majesties are on the observation platform before leaving Kingston, Ontario, for Toronto*

The Royal Tour

King George and Queen Elizabeth travel thousands of miles in their New-World Empire and he becomes our first monarch to visit a Dominion since the Statute of Westminster

No small percentage of packages crossing the Atlantic in the west-east direction lately has been the thousands of photographs of the Royal visit to Canada. The camera lens, that bane of the famous, has everywhere followed King George and Queen Elizabeth, wielded by everyone from ace American candid camera-men to the Boy Scout making an exclusive shot in the top picture opposite. From these acres of photography, the "Bystander" presents six pictures of typical scenes

The garden party *at Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's Ottawa residence, provided this typical garden-party shot of their Majesties passing through a mill of wide-hatted wives of socialites and officials*

← ***The royal train*** *which was the King and Queen's official residence during the tour save for some nights "on shore" at more prolonged stops, was made up of twelve coaches, in blue and silver, was drawn by an engine bearing the Royal Arms, was frequently and proudly cleaned*

Swaebe

Whitsun Recess: Five Maxwells and a Pony

The Hon. Somerset Maxwell, his wife, his sons and his small attractive daughter were photographed up in Norfolk, where their home is Fring Hall, Docking. He is Lord and Lady Farnham's only son and heir, has been M.P. for the King's Lynn Division of Norfolk since 1935. His wife was Susan Roberts before her 1930 marriage, is the daughter of the late Capt. Marshall Roberts. Their children are Barry, aged eight, Simon, aged six, and Sheelin, named after a lough near Lord Farnham's place in Co. Cavan, and born in 1937. The whole family rides with enthusiasm, including Sheelin who has a nice horse on wheels. When the House is sitting, their home is in Cambridge Square. Somerset Maxwell was appointed P.P.S. to Sir Victor Warrender, Financial Secretary to the War Office, last year; he is also a captain in the Middlesex Yeomanry. His elder sister, the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Gibbs, died in May

Dogs : a Sheepdog Show in a London Garden

The Hon. Mrs. Denis Berry lent the garden of her Avenue Road house to the English Shetland Sheepdog Club for their annual show. With her here are Lt.-Col. the Hon. Bertrand Russell, Lord Russell of Killowen's brother, her dog Golden Boy of Luchmery, and his, Champion Jenny Wren of Crawleyridge. Mrs. Berry's husband is Lord Kemsley's second son, and she was Rosemary Rothschild

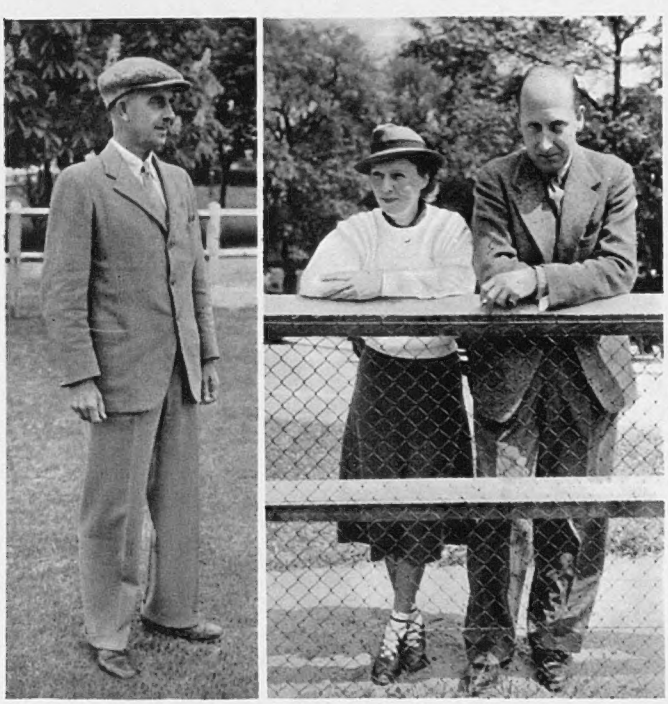
Dogs : the Duke of Kent and His Chow

The Duke of Kent and his Chow and Lord Herbert, his Equerry, were walking in Hyde Park. Lord Herbert is the father of a son and heir almost three weeks old ; his wife is the Viceroy of India's sister

The Duchess of Gloucester and her debutante niece, Clare Phipps, were at Hurlingham to see the Duke of Gloucester play for the Swallows against the Pandas in the Broomhouse Cup second round. The Duke's team was defeated

Polo : the Duchess of Gloucester and Her Niece

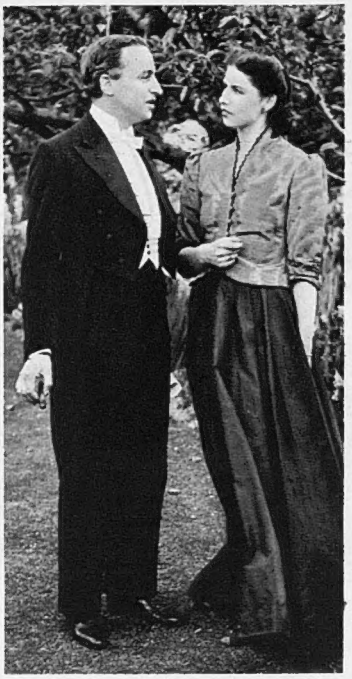
Out of Doors



Golf : the Whit Week-end at Deauville

Colonel H. D. Carlton has come to Deauville from the Riviera for the summer season as secretary of the New Golf. He is also the popular secretary of the Mougins Country Club

The Duc and Duchesse de Nemours were at Deauville for Whitsun. He is a great-grandson of King Louis Philippe of France ; his mother, the Duchesse of Vendôme, lives in Cannes. His wife was Marguerite Watson, of Richmond, Va., before their 1928 marriage



Sir Archibald Sinclair, *the Liberal leader, and his daughter Elizabeth were among the flower of society that wandered in evening-dress among the flowers at Glyndebourne, and heard the festival's opening with "The Marriage of Figaro." More Glyndebourne pictures on pp. 386-7*

Fulke Walwyn *is not called for nothing the "man who has broken every bone in his body." His skull was the latest to come in for it—fractured when Grosvenor Bridge fell at Ludlow in April, but after a critical time in Oxford Hospital, the gentleman jockey walked out smiling on the arm of his wife*

Artist earl *and artist commoner combine to give a two-man show of drawings and paintings at the Walker Galleries, which opened last Friday. They are Lord Ypres and Edward Canning-Freeman, the former appropriately exhibiting water-colours of military subjects, the latter pencil portraits. He is seen here with the daughter of his co-exhibitor, Lady Patricia French, looking at his drawing of her*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Russian negotiations are still wrapped in impenetrable mystery. There is nothing new to say, except that the new deadlock is just as complete as the old one. But exactly what the deadlock is, or why it is, is not for ordinary mortals to understand. The scenes at Berchtesgaden when the news comes through each day must be painfully funny. I should think that Marshal Goering's laughter must shake the mountain.

THE story of the Czech gold is simple fantasy. The Prime Minister described the idea that we were going to hand over the money to Germany as "a mare's nest." He was able to do this in all good faith because the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not told him anything about it. The Chancellor was able to deny all responsibility in all good faith because the Bank of England had not told him anything about it. The Bank of England is perfectly innocent because the Bank for International Settlements is in theory non-political and therefore did not officially tell the Bank of England that there was anything political in the matter. And so everyone is completely innocent, and everyone is acting legally, although the whole thing is one of the most disgraceful scandals of the last few years. If ever there was a moment for saying that humanity and decency are sometimes greater than the law, this is it. The obvious course is to keep the gold and let Germany sue us for it at the Court of International Justice at The Hague. But do you suppose that will be done? If you do, you ought to run and see a doctor. Quickly. Before it's too late.

OUR Intelligence Service ought to be taking a well-earned holiday, for it has discovered at last a thing it has never been able to discover before—the part which Germany took in the Spanish Civil War. For two years the Government stated in the House of Commons that they had no information from their Intelligence Dept. of any German intervention in Spain. They simply did not know. Now the news has been traced at last. It has been discovered in the official German publications issued to the world last week. By the way, I see that some of the German volunteers have gone back to Germany in five transports known as the "Strength Through Joy Fleet." The Republican side, of course, got the short straw. They got Joy through Strength.

THERE is talk once again of a General Election in the autumn, but at the moment there is nothing more than talk. Nobody knows anything, except, of course, the Conservative Central Office. If I may make one of my famous predictions, I would say that there will not be an election this year, unless international affairs take a sudden turn for the better, which at the moment they don't look like doing. From the point of view of governmental stability it doesn't much matter whether there is an election or not, because Mr. Chamberlain is certain to win, anyway. And the Labour Opposition is petrified at the idea of winning, so they don't exactly put their backs into it.

INCIDENTALLY, that, I think, is the secret of the Cripps' affair. Sir Stafford, incomparably the ablest Socialist in the country, was trying to put over an idea which might have provided an alternative Government, so Transport House got together and shoved him out. The last thing they want is responsibility.

THE old story of compulsory voting has cropped up again, and some Conservative Back-Benchers are bringing a Bill into Parliament, heavily backed by a squadron of admirals. Whether or not compulsory voting is a good thing, it must emphatically be a bad thing so long as our present electoral system is in force. There are hundreds of thousands of voters at every election who have no chance of voting for their own political beliefs. And to fine, say, a Conservative for refusing to vote for a Socialist or a Liberal when there is no Conservative standing is sheer nonsense.

CONSCRIPTION is going to affect the Universities in a rather peculiar way. Undergraduates are not to do their military training by halves in two successive long vacations. Instead the present generation may postpone their training until after they have taken their final exam., and future generations will have to do their training before they go up. As a result, in October 1940, there will be no Freshmen at all, and the whole of university life will be dislocated as it was in 1914.

***Artist baron** who has an exhibition at Colnaghi's is Lord Methuen, who, under the name Paul Methuen, shows drawings — mostly of 17th- and 18th-century houses in Bath and Rouen that have taken his fancy. Lord Methuen is here at work on a painting of architectural detail*

***Warship launch:** a welcome newcomer to the force that permits us to sing "Rule, Britannia" slid down the ways from John Brown's Clydebank yards last week, when Lady Spencer performed the launching ceremony of the 8000-ton cruiser Fiji—as herewith*

***Lifeboat launch:** a welcome newcomer to a less aggressive but equally essential and gallant home fleet also took the water last week, when Canadian Pacific, the new Selsey lifeboat presented by the Canadian Pacific Railway, was launched by the Duchess of Norfolk. She is seen at the ceremony with the Duke*

THE hot weather at the Whitsun holidays brought its usual crop of fires on commons and in woods, and in some places the soldiers were called out to help. Beating out these fires is simply a waste of time and energy. They never do any harm worth speaking of, and die away of their own accord, if they are left alone. I know what I 'm talking about. If I 've beaten out one common fire in my time I must have beaten out two.

A MAN has at last been fined for jumping into a bus ahead of the queue that was waiting. The scrambles for buses are a perpetual disgrace, and there is not the slightest reason why queues should not be formed during the rush-hours at all the most important points. At the present moment queues are formed under an inspector at places where there is no real rush. The really difficult ones are simply shirked by the London Passenger Transport Board.

A FORTNIGHT ago I had occasion to protest against the idea that the I.R.A. were necessarily responsible for fires in seaside hotels. I protest again this week at the suggestion that people found crying bitterly in a Liverpool cinema were the victims of an I.R.A. tear-gas bomb. It is much more likely that they were watching a British comic film.

SIR HUBERT MURRAY, the most famous of all colonial administrators, has just issued his thirty-second successive report on his regime in Papua. Sir Hubert, as usual, has some capital stories to record. One of his magistrates had to try a man who was accused of having given a betel-nut to the wife of a councillor. In British law, giving a betel-nut to a girl is no great crime, but in Papuan custom it corresponds to "making passes." And there is perpetual trouble with the local wizards, who for a matter of ten shillings will produce rain, or high tide, at a moment's notice. Sir Hubert is a brother of Dr. Gilbert Murray.

WE all know our old friend the magistrate who orders ladies out of his court unless they wear a hat. He is just a rather boring old joke. But a new one has come along. A Chatham beak snapped at a working-man the other day and said : " Get a hair-cut and have a bath. Your appearance is disrespectful to the Court." This sort of thing is going a bit too far, because in a very short time people will realise that they can hold up the whole administration of justice in certain Courts. For example, if a woman is charged, say, with a motoring offence, all she has to do is to come into Court without a hat. The magistrate then shouts : " Get out of this Court until you are properly dressed." She then goes away, and there is no reason in the world why she should ever turn up again. She has been summonsed ; she has answered the summons ; and she has been kicked out of Court, and there the case ends. The whole thing, of course, is sheer impertinence, and the magistrates have no kind of legal justification or power to enforce their ridiculous orders.

AMATEUR sport is a remarkable affair, Miss Megan Taylor is a world's amateur skating champion. While travelling in South Africa a few days ago, she was asked to give a skating exhibition. She agreed at once, but was instantly forbidden to do so by the British Skating Association. She had already, it appears, given the maximum number of exhibitions that an amateur is allowed to give in one year.

THERE are quite a lot of people in this country who claim that Locke, the South African golfer, is as great a prodigy as Mr. Robert Jones of Atlanta, Georgia. They ought to read the account of his match against Whitcombe. Locke won, but in a style that would have made Mr. Jones rub his eyes.

LITTLE Mr. Wooderson is warming up for his match at Princeton, in America. The great American mile-runners, including Glenn Cunningham and San Romani, are turning out to race in what is called the " Mile of the Century " against the diminutive solicitor's clerk. The other day, Wooderson, by mistake, almost beat his own British record, and finished a hundred and fifty yards or so in front of anybody else.

A LADY has been appointed " Home Bursar " of Balliol College, Oxford. This is, of course, a world record. I hope that one of her first activities will be to increase the allowance for the purchase of assegais for the College assegai team. There was a time in the good old days when each Zulu scholar at Balliol was given a special allowance for sharpening his equipment.

THE international situation has an unfortunate influence on trade outside the armament industry. A Marylebone undertaker told me that business had dropped by fifty per cent., and an attendant at the Great Smith Street baths said people are not washing nearly so much.

Round the Restaurants

The " Bystander " monthly Going-Out Guide—" Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret "—will be found on pages G to L before the Frontispiece.

Journey Home for a Film Actress

On the shores of her native land stands Geraldine Fitzgerald, home for her first holiday since her Hollywood debut. She brings the glamour of two successes with her—as Isabella Hindley in "Wuthering Heights," as Bette Davis's friend in "Dark Victory"—and the promise of stardom. With her to Ireland came her English husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg

Dramatist Godfather at a House of Commons Christening

Robert E. Sherwood, author of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and "Idiot's Delight" (his latest plays), was godfather to the son of Mr. and Lady Anne Hunloke (see page 395). With him outside the House of Commons—the christening took place in the Crypt—are his wife and Mrs. Richard Bird (Joyce Barbour)

Off-Stage Engagements of Some Theatre Celebrities

Actor's Flying Visit to Elsinore

John Gielgud flew over to Denmark on Whit-Sunday to see Kronberg Castle for the first time, and to make arrangements for his production there of "Hamlet." With him in the great courtyard where the play is given is Elizabeth Montgomery, of Motley, the stage designers. Gielgud was back in London for the Whit-Monday performance of "Dear Octopus." His book, "Early Stages" came out a few weeks ago, and the theatre news is full of his plans for the future

Opera Singer Bicycles to Lunch

Ezio Pinza arrived in London last week to rehearse for "Don Giovanni," and brought his bicycle with him, using it to freewheel lightheartedly down from the Opera House to the Savoy Grill for lunch. He used to be a racing cyclist. In "Don Giovanni" he takes the name part, with Tauber as Don Ottavio, Virgilio Lazzari making his London debut as Leporello, Elizabeth Rethberg, Hilde Konetzni and Mafalda Favero as Anna, Elvira and Zerlina, and Beecham conducting

The Theatre

Sketches by Rouson

"Of Mice and Men" (Apollo)

FOR the theatre-goer who likes, out of the goodness of his heart, to put friends on to good things, life is, at the moment, unusually difficult. There are good things to recommend, but to mention the subjects of these outstanding plays is automatically to raise a desolating chorus of dismissive "hmms." A French mother's jealousy of her daughter (*The Intruder*), another French mother's jealousy of her daughter (*The Springtime of Others*), the Irish Land Commission (*Bridge Head*)—it is infinitely easier to go back to Wyndham's, to the Westminster, to the Gate, and enjoy these pieces, one after the other, for the second time, than laboriously to explain how it is that they come to triumph over their arid subject-matter. The same difficulty comes up in the case of John Steinbeck's tale of Californian hobos.

Of Mice and Men, at the Apollo Theatre (let us out with it manfully), is a tale of a kindly giant with a midget brain, who kills a woman by clumsiness, at once forgets the accident, and is mercifully shot by his devoted travelling companion before the lynching party can get at him. A less inviting subject you can hardly imagine; yet out of it the American author makes a play superior in some respects to anything else that is new on the the London stage to-day. As a piece of story-telling, sharp, vigorous and subtle, certainly it is without a single rival. The narrative moves in metaphors, as it were, each metaphor accustoming us in advance to a development that might without skilful preparation prove difficult to accept.

What is it that ties the shrewd and tough George to Lennie, whose feeble mind can never control his giant's strength? Together they are always losing the jobs George manages to pick up for them. Alone, George would keep a job and perhaps put by enough "bucks" to procure him that independence which he continually craves. George sticks to the good-natured half-wit because he has the hobo's knowledge and dread of loneliness. This sense of loneliness is further brought out by Lennie's passion for the mice and puppies his clumsy petting invariably crushes, by the desperate unwillingness of another hand on the ranch where they find work to allow his old dog to be put away, and by the misunderstood eagerness for talk shown by the only woman on the ranch, the disturbingly beautiful wife of a jealous bully, who suspects every man with whom she passes the time of day.

George has communicated his own craving for independence to Lennie, and by repeatedly outlining in the same terms a day-dream of independence, gives his fellow hobo the simple pleasure that a child gets from hearing a fairy-story told over and over again. These separate strands of narrative are powerfully and beautifully drawn together for the final scenes. Here Lennie, talking to the woman of one thing, while the woman talks to him of another, both innocently day-dreaming, gets his great hands entangled in her hair. Suddenly startled by her cries of pain, he kills her as he has just killed a puppy. And George, repeating to him the outline of their common day-dream, puts him painlessly to death. To the humour, pathos and excitement of this wonderfully told story the whole cast respond exquisitely, Niall MacGinnis, John Mills, and Claire Luce leading them magnificently.

A. V. C.

Temptress about to get what's coming to her: Lulu (Claire Luce) and Lennie (Niall MacGinnis)

Lennie's friend is a humane killer. George (John Mills) disposes of Lennie (Niall MacGinnis) before the lynching party arrives

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Look, I'll make it a bag of apples and three bananas"

BATTLING JAKE EPSTEIN, the celebrated heavyweight, certainly caught the British Museum authorities a shrewd crack on the nozzle with his recent question in the *Times* : " When will the British Museum authorities understand that they are only the custodians and not the creators of these masterpieces ? " The Battler was referring to this tragi-comic affair of the Elgin Marbles, some of which have been recently cleaned with a copper instrument which the Museum boys have coyly described as " unauthorised." One of the officials countered next day with a right-and-left almost as woundy when he alleged that Battling Jake had mistaken a cast of the Demeter of Cnidus for the original ; but the Marbles mystery is certainly not yet cleared up to the satisfaction of the great art-crazy British public, who, if they find their priceless treasures have been damaged, will probably rise en masse and have somebody's blood for it. As for the Greeks, from whom Lord Elgin with their Turkish oppressors' connivance looted the Marbles all those years ago, we wouldn't mind betting that the chief theme of conversation in every Athens café at the moment is the curious dumbness of beef-witted barbarians who can't take decent care of the things they steal. And meanwhile, it would be interesting to know how much damage really has been done. In the absence of a British Minister of Fine Arts the Government put up the Financial Secretary of the Treasury—a pleasing topic for satire, also—to assure the House that the effects of this unauthorised cleaning are " imperceptible to anyone but an expert," which is not too reassuring, and seems to call for an independent examination and report.

It won't do the officialdom much harm to be shaken up a little, in our faltering view. Before the theft of the Monna Lisa years ago, the Louvre boys really used to swagger round as if they 'd painted it (not to speak of Leonardo's Virgin of the Rocks), and, toying in their spare time with a chisel or two, hacked out the Winged Victory of Samothrace as well. Battling Jake's bitter question was justified.

Herb

IT wasn't the sun in their eyes which beat the English Soccer team by 2—1 in Belgrade the other day, apparently. Nor were they seasick. Nor had they nervous headaches. Nor did the foreigners' faces frighten them. Nor was it any other of the 57 familiar excuses offered by the experts when our sportsmen are vanquished. (" The English," as one of Mr. Shaw's puppets in *St. Joan* indignantly remarks, " are never fairly beaten.") What did the Soccer boys in, according to Mr. John Macadam, the eminent sports critic, was the aura of garlic in Jugo-Slavian cooking-pots, which is a brand-new excuse and worth filing for the future. At the same time it won't raise footballers very high in the esteem of those who know and revere this gift of God, the very breath of good cooking and the soul of every worthy salad.

Why so many chaps who will champ raw onions with their bread-and-cheese with relish—and rightly, the onion being a noble and tasty fruit and of great comfort to man, raw or roasted—shudder at garlic, the onion's more spiritual cousin, we can never understand. Possibly the close connection of garlic with Mediterranean civilisation has something subconscious to do with it. Chaps feel that garlic goes with fierce dark unshaven faces and appalling ignorance of cricket. Remembering vaguely from schooldays that the poet Horace hated it, they say there you are, Horace was obviously a gentleman and a Nordic, and those girls he frequently talks about are just imaginary. Cutting garlic as dead, therefore, as the saucy but degraded Mediterranean Type himself, they spurn (to their detriment) likewise all Provence, Good King René and the Troubadours, Petrarch and his Laura, the Fountain of Vaucluse, the whitewashed *mas*, the silvery olive-groves, the cry of the cicada over the vast Camargue, the gypsies of Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, the Penitents of Avignon, nay, St. Louis himself ; for a faint whisper of garlic overhangs all the history of this lovely land and dominates all its other aromas. But we freely admit this breath of culture isn't so pregnant with delight when you meet it by chance in a crowded Tube train on a warm summer evening. Just waiting for that chance, weren't ya ?

"That means he's accepted you"

Offering

HAVING waited in vain for somebody to present Auntie *Times* with a well-earned Bath bun for her Derby Day leader, we ourselves hasten politely to do so, here and now, on a silver salver. Rarely has the voice of that elderly gentlewoman of high principle, her head enveloped in a haybag but still capable of

little lightsome canary-like chirpings, reminded us so strongly of Miss Tox in *Dombey and Son*. Mark you that to have to write anything whatsoever about Derby Day is an agonising weariness of spirit and flesh. There is nothing new to say about Derby Day in the year 1939, and to do them justice the racing correspondents gave up trying about the year 1879, and now simply turn up the files, making necessary changes in names and date (and sometimes not even that). The more unfortunate Fleet Street boys who have to vamp up a new " human interest " Derby story each year take to drink in their misery, every milk-bar in the Street of Adventure roaring like a Wild Western saloon in the early hours. But Auntie was brave, roguey (" these wretched politics ! "), and determined to be optimistic, the operative word with her being " nice." (" *It would be very nice if Gordon Richards . . .*" " *It would be very nice if Lord Derby . . .*" " *Perhaps on Empire Derby Day it would be nicest of all if Sir Abe Bailey . . .*") For although the Derby has probably never been such jolly fun as the Press boys try to tell us it is, we must remember that it still ranks with Good Friday as a major national sporting festa, and is therefore even when it doesn't coincide with Empire Day, deserving of Auntie's interest.

Overweight

GIGLI's encore performance of " E lucevan " in *Tosca* at Covent Garden the other night is still evoking scandalised rumblings and mewings from the devout, who seem to forget that grand opera is such a damfool convention in any case that giving an encore matters in no way, even—as one pedant bitterly suggested—if Tosca herself were to bob up from Scarpia's candle-lit body and sing her stuff all over again, facing the footlights. We don't see why Tosca shouldn't. It would be no more beautifully cockeyed than that scene in *The Girl of the Golden West*, also by Puccini, where the tough guys roll round singing melodious invitations to a whisky and soda. (In Italian it sounds even funnier, if you 'll take the trouble to look up the score.) This incidentally is our favourite laugh in grand opera, barring only that scene in *Die Walküre* where the Fitness Girls go through their daily dozen, lunging and stamping with their spears like an enormous Office of Works sanitary squad spearing orange-peel in the Park. Persistent opera-goers probably have other favourites, especially in " The Ring." The whole operatic convention, as we have already submitted, is so rich in quiet fun that, Heaven forgive us, we 've even giggled silently when Mélisande, after being dragged half round the room by her hair by a frantic husband, remarks sadly, " Je ne suis pas heureuse " ; or again, when, being chased by Goland from the fountain with a naked sword, she runs off crying, " Oh ! Oh ! Je n'ai pas de courage ! " The fault in each case being that of the solemn and mystic Maeterlinck, and certainly not of the godlike and ravishing Debussy.

Do those pedants who babble about encores destroying illusion in grand opera ever see anything odd in a consumptive 20-stone Violetta getting painfully off her creaking death-bed, or a stout, short Tristan embracing a large, stout Yseult amid singing of the most heart-rending kind (we ask ourselves, whimsically) ?

Killer

IN the *Evening News* recently Sir Max Pemberton propounded a fascinating clue—new to us, for one—to the enigma of Jack the Ripper, in which you needn't pretend you aren't interested. (We can see your ears going up from here.) Namely there was Black Magic mixed up in it. The theory was that of Sir Max's friend, the late Arthur Diosy, who succeeded in impressing the Yard with it. The recurrence of a tuft of goat's hair found near the body of each victim and the emergence of the Pentagon of Lights formed, as it were, the nub of the Diosy Theory, the murderer having before the operation lit (five matches were found) five stumps of candle, which would make him invisible to mortal eyes, and thus enable him to carve one of his victims in his savage and expert way with a policeman only a few yards distant. Working on this, Sir Max says, Scotland Yard ran to earth a list of customers of a London publisher dealing in this special kind of filth, put a tentative black mark against the names of five, all epileptics, were unable to find the one they wanted, and retired baffled. However, what the Diosy Theory really does do, in our feeble view and begging the experts' pardon, is to make the supposition that the Ripper was a mad surgeon doubly likely. Chaps who carve your viscera are, Heaven only knows why, often of a Lucifer-like arrogance, deeming themselves gods ; a type very prone to seek more power in occult ways, to experiment with strange drugs and forces, and generally to play the fool with body and soul. Black magic would naturally make such chaps madder and cause them to take risks no normal man would dare. Our feeling is that Jack the Ripper lived in Harley Street, fawned on Duchesses all day, got his Black Mass in the evening in Bloomsbury or Hampstead, and then bowled down to Whitechapel in a hansom to enjoy himself with his favourite surgical knife, never caught and never even identified.

There were fewer amateur detectives about in the 'nineties, or the Ripper's number might have been up. Lord Peter Wimsey, disguised as a Pearly Queen, would probably have got him, unless he got Lord Peter first, which would have been too terrible, too deplorable, too, too provokingly heart-breaking and delicious and somehow right for words.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" But, William, I only wanted it deep enough to plant this "

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Writers of the World

LAST week New York was host to the International P.E.N., and writers from all parts of the world came together in a congress " dedicated to the basic freedoms." England was represented by Ralph Bates, Graham Hutton, Sir Willmott Lewis, and Stanley Richardson ; J. B. Priestley broadcast his greetings from London. From France came André Maurois and Jules Romains. The Germans were a distinguished group of exiles : among them Arnold Zweig, Erich Maria Remarque, the Mann family, and Ernst Toller before his tragic suicide.

Sessions were held in the handsome Music Hall of the Fair. As I took one of the buses that go through the Fair grounds, price ten cents, the uniformed driver wanted to know if he could get into the writers' meetings, and I said likely he could. So there he was, sitting up near the front, listening to the foreign correspondents talk about their trade.

Sir Willmott Lewis, the popular London *Times* representative in Washington, produced a definition for that ages-old question of good and evil. Good, he said, is all that assists man's conquest of nature ; evil, all that assists man's conquest of man. As we speed up the one conquest, of nature, this unfortunately facilitates the other conquest, of man.

His talk followed appropriately after the statement on an earlier day of the International President, Jules Romains, who began gravely remarking that last year the writers met in Prague and after an analysis of some of the difficulties of the modern age, declared it essential for us all to work out a new morality, which shall apply equally well to States as to individuals.

The attractive Vincent Sheean said yellow—that is, sensational—journalism had about disappeared because to-day the events are so sensational, so shocking and unbelievable that the correspondent tones down his report. He gave some examples of power politics where the reality was always worse than the report.

Dorothy Thompson, the American President, spoke of the importance of the writer's tool, the word, which seems so weak but is so strong. " Time and again in history," she said, words " have opened prison doors, they have shamed the powerful, they have mobilised nations, they have held together the discouraged and oppressed, they have tamed and civilised."

At the closing dinner at the Plaza, Lin Yutang delighted the group by his little parable of the eunuch who was dictator of China, and so powerful that he did not have even to raise his arm in salute of the people who saluted him. And yet he passed away.

Juan Negrin was at the speakers' table and was introduced to the delegates, who rose in a spontaneous tribute to the memory of Loyalist Spain. Perhaps a dozen people did not rise, and a prominent reactionary banker was seen to leave hastily soon after this.

Typical Girl

THE young socialite singer, Cobina Wright, was chosen to represent Manhattan's typical girl. The other boroughs will select a girl to represent them. Queens and Brooklyn, which are jealous of the snootier Manhattan, are asking how Miss Wright can be typical, particularly as she gets up at 10.30 every morning " with a delicious yawn," while the girls from Queens and Brooklyn didn't have time for a yawn as they dashed for the subway at eight o'clock.

The other morning I walked through the little park at Madison Square and saw the hundreds of girls pouring out of the subway exit on their way to work in one of the nearby towers. They walked so briskly and were dressed so smartly, and wore such bright colours that the park, with its tender green just showing in the bushes, seemed suddenly to bloom. The young girls in New York make a sight that I have never seen in any other great city ; on their fifteen or twenty dollars a week they may not eat very well but they know how to dress. And they 'd all like to be like Cobina Wright, or better still, Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford would probably be their choice for the typical American girl !

Time for Comedy

THE new S. N. Behrman pleasant puff-ball—with a sound potato base of reality, just a little reality and a lot of puff—gives Laurence Olivier the chance to be absurd, maddening, lovable, etc. In spite of nice enough performances by Katharine Cornell and Margalo Gillmore, as the two women in his life, the play is Olivier's.

***President** of the recent P.E.N. Club meetings at the N.Y. World's Fair (see article) was columnist Dorothy Thompson, of the " Herald-Tribune," who has a big following all over America. She is the wife of Sinclair Lewis whose recent venture as dramatist and actor in " Angela Is Twenty-Two " folded up on the road. The Lewises have one son, a lovely country house in Vermont, and headquarters in New York City*

Miss Cornell looked beautiful and it was interesting to see her in so unusual a rôle. She says that at first the laughs scared her, since she has made her reputation as the First Lady of the Theatre in dramatic rôles that seldom provoke light-hearted gaiety in the audience. It 's all right for her to do this sort of thing, if she wants to, that is, it 's all right for once.

Behrman wrote the play out of his own dilemma as a playwright and called it *No Time for Comedy*, as he was feeling. Olivier, as the playwright, is led by the admiration of Margalo Gillmore to try to write something profound, instead of a light comic vehicle for his actress-wife—Miss Cornell. One woman tries to hold him to what he can do extremely well, the other to build him up to new achievements. There is another husband and some attempts at reshuffling the partners and the issue—amorously speaking—is more or less left in doubt. But the playwright goes back to cultivating his garden, as seems highly proper, growing comedies even as this one.

There is an extra young man, played with distinction by Robert Flemyng. In fact, his pleasant English accent made his lines always understood, which is more than could be said of the principals all the time. John Williams, also English, played the part of the other husband with competence and restraint. " Gee Gee " James was excellent as the peppery coloured maid.

EVER since *The Second Man*, S. N. Behrman has been one of my favourites, and surely the problem he poses is a valid one. What are any of us to do, in these parlous times, when our own activities seem so trivial against the blazing back-drop of history in the making ? He has come in for some criticism from the left group, for sticking to his well-bred, comfortable people in their drawing-rooms, and writing a comedy after all. But in this agreeable trifle he has given our queen of tragedy a chance to relax in a warm, tolerant and modest rôle, as well as to wear some of Valentina's most stunning gowns. Surely that is better than for the artist to stop doing anything or to turn to doing something he cannot do, shaking his fist at the wind, or, as Mr. Behrman puts it, developing " indignation without form, passion without authority."

***Lecturer** to Americans on Moral Rearmament was tennis player " Bunny " Austin who is a leading supporter of Dr. Frank Buchman's latest movement. "M.R.A.," as Americans call it, has " New men, new nations, a new world " as its slogan. Austin was photographed at a mass meeting in Madison Square Gardens which ended " Moral Rearmament Week " in New York, with Dr. Buchman on his left, cricketer John L. Guise, another keen supporter, on his right*

American Theatre

Just in time for the English visitors to the New York Fair, another English actor has made a success on the New York stage. Playing with the great Katharine Cornell, Laurence Olivier takes the honours (according to our "New York Letter": see opposite) in S. N. Behrman's "No Time for Comedy." Katharine Cornell here plays her first comedy role, and beautifully. Her husband, Guthrie McClintic, produced

Photographs by Vandamm

Another play that the hundreds of English incomers to New York are bound to see is the American "Cavalcade." In the huge Kaufmann-Hart spectacle, *The American Way*, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, as an immigrant couple whose reunion is symbolically dominated by the Statue of Liberty in the first episode, live through forty-three years of American history to celebrate their golden wedding in 1939

"No Time for Comedy": *Laurence Olivier and Katharine Cornell are husband and wife in the Playwrights' Company production of S. N. Behrman's play*

"The American Way," first episode: *Martin Gunther goes to Ellis Island to meet his wife and children in 1896*

Last episode, 1939: *Florence Eldridge and Fredric March are Martin and Irma Gunther, whose life-story is the theme of "The American Way"*

"The Bystander's" fifth visit to

The World's Fair at New York

This fifth series of World's Fair pictures, taken for the *Bystander* by Norman Parkinson, is a mixed bag. It illustrates the different attractions that confront the visitor. Roughly these fall into three denominations: national exhibits; commercial exhibits, which are grouped either in buildings of public interest (e.g., education, communications, business systems) or, in the case of wealthy corporations, in their own building (e.g., General Motors, Ford, Coty, Heinz); and amusements, which range from the reproduction of the Victoria Falls, illustrated here, to Bali dancers, a parachute jump, and Merrie England, "a faithful reproduction of an old English village, its exterior wall simulating the Tower of London, its main entrance resembling that of Hampton Court"

***Food** exhibits take up three Fair Corporation buildings and a whole zone of commercial exhibits. On the main food building in Constitution Mall down by Rainbow Avenue is this mural by Pierre Bourdelle, which represents the activities of harvesting. The rotunda on which it is painted and which resembles a giant iced cake is forty-five feet high*

***At the theme centre,** whose trylon and perisphere can be seen gleaming white in the background, is the business systems and insurance building, an L-shaped construction facing on to Rose Court. This decoration is seen from inside the building*

***The glass centre,** surmounted by its tower of plate glass and glass brick, is on Pioneers Avenue. Its chief exhibit is a furnace of molten glass manned by a crew of blowers who demonstrate their art to visitors. It took them several weeks to get the furnaces the right heat*

Reproduction of a reproduction: *This picture shows you the Fair's replica of the sight that stunned David Livingstone on November 6th, 1855, and has stunned people ever since, right up to "Believe It or Not" Ripley; the Victoria Falls. Housed in a large building in the amusement concession, featuring "Darkest Africa" at its most romantic—native drums, the Southern Cross, jungle flora and fauna—the Falls that in reality are twice as wide and twice as high as Niagara are represented by a twenty-two feet drop over which pour sixty thousand gallons of water a minute*

Lennie and George in "Of Mice and Men"

Photographs by Baron

The performances of Niall MacGinnis and John Mills as Lennie and George in *Of Mice and Men* must be the most successful ever given by English actors cast as Americans. They are superb, both of them: Niall MacGinnis as the big soft-witted Lennie who loves small furry things, and breaks a girl's neck by mistake, and John Mills as his friend George, a handy wiry little man who looks after Lennie in their wanderings from ranch to ranch in search of work, and gets him out of trouble until Lennie "does a bad thing" so bad that George has to shoot his friend to save him from lynching. John Steinbeck's play came to the Apollo two weeks ago from the Gate Theatre with the cast that acted it there. Last year it won the Drama Critics' Circle prize in New York; Claire Luce then as now was Curley's wife, the only woman in the piece. (Reviewed on p. 377)

"Glyndebourne, Glorious

The Christies: *John Christie had the original idea of giving opera in the country house near Lewes which is his home; his wife is the singer Audrey Mildmay, who takes part in the festival this year as usual*

***Nellie Hirt** is the ballet mistress as well as first dancer at Glyndebourne. She was photographed, as were all the other Glyndebourne personalities on these two pages, at a cocktail-party given at the lovely Sussex opera house to celebrate the new season, which opened last Thursday with "The Marriage of Figaro"*

The Macbeths: *This Italian trio at the pre-Glyndebourne cocktail party are Signor Cattaneo, the prompter, Signora Margherita Grandi and Signor Francesco Valentino. The last two sing Macbeth and his wife in Verdi's opera*

***Hella Toros,** the soprano, is and her subjects are Miss Mariano Stabile. In the background*

Glyndebourne ”

Fritz Busch *once more is chief conductor at the Glyndebourne season, which includes "Figaro," "Cosi Fan Tutte," "Don Giovanni," Donizetti's "Pasquale" and Verdi's "Macbeth." Dr. Busch is with Risé Stevens, newest recruit to the company*

Carl Ebert *sits with a cocktail glass in his hand, and Mrs. Lois Mickerson on a seat with him, she wearing lilies of the valley in her hat. Ebert produces the three Mozarts, the Donizetti and the Verdi that make up the festival programme this year and that are drawing, since last Thursday onwards, the evening-dress parties to Victoria at tea-time*

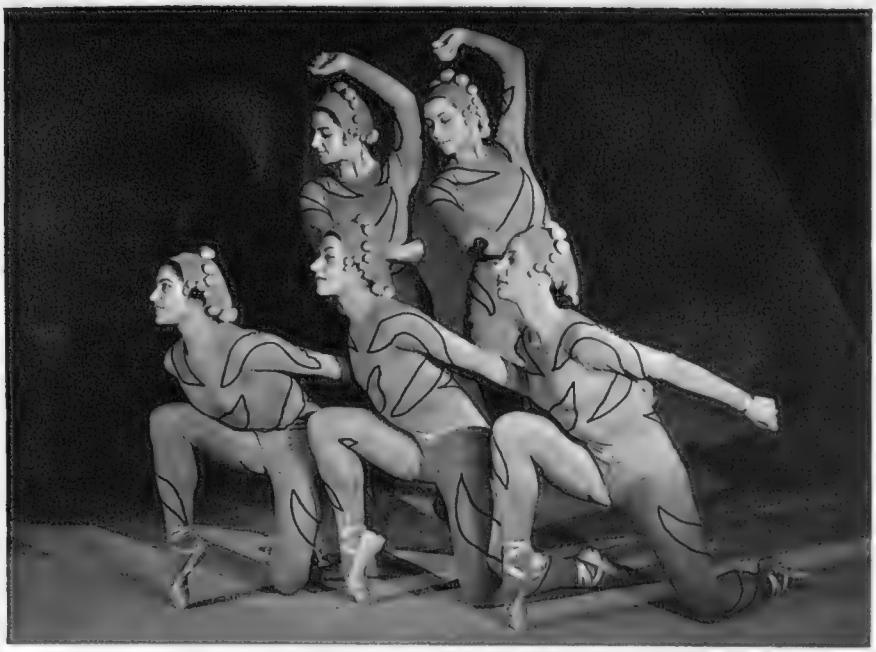
the photographer on Glyndebourne's lawn, Judith Bromley-Martin and Commendatore is part of the lovely façade of the house

Rudolf Bing, *general manager of the opera company, stands up, while sitting are Mrs. Carla Brownlee, Signor Alberto Erede, conductor, Signora Stabile and John Brownlee, the Australian baritone. Signora Stabile's husband is in the next picture*

"Rouge et Noir"

Another New Massine Ballet

Blanc: *Alicia Markova and Igor Youskevitch as the Woman and the Man*



Bleu: *in the Blue group (led by Panaieff) is a young South African girl, Joyce Vangeems (left), who recently went from London to join the company*

Rouge et Noir is the result of a close collaboration between the choregrapher, Massine, and the artist, Henri Matisse. To the purely abstract nature of their first project was added the theme suggested to Massine by the Shostakovitch symphony to which the ballet is set—Man and Woman in the eternal conflict between material and spiritual. The colour groups of Matisse's design become symbolic—white for Man and Woman, blue for the spiritual, yellow and red for the material, black for destiny. The setting consists of two white and yellow Gothic arches, with a background of blue, red and black. Markova and Youskevitch, Krassovska, Franklin, Platoff, Panaieff, lead the various colour groups through the four movements. The ballet had its premiere in Monte Carlo four days before the end of the Russian company's season there. They are now in Paris. (Pictures of Massine's other new ballet appeared in the issue of May 17th.)

Rouge: *the leading dancer of the group is Frederick Franklin*

Finale: *in front of Matisse's Gothic arches and the intermingled groups of White, Black, Red, Blue, and Yellow, the Woman pleads with Destiny (Marc Platoff) for the doomed Man (kneeling right)*

Films of the Day

Maestro Cecil B. De Mille

By George Campbell

If you were down to your last yacht, if you had only a million dollars between you and starvation, to which film producer would you most willingly entrust it? For my part, I shouldn't even have to think. I'd hand it to Cecil B. De Mille.

That, of course, may not be the highest recommendation. It certainly wouldn't impress the long-haired boys and Bloomsbury girls who roll up to the Film Society on wet Sunday afternoons, to praise the montage and undertones and what-not so highly, that plain blokes like you and me can't hear a word of the dialogue. But it does suggest something. The man who can remain at the top in Hollywood for just over a quarter of a century must have given a great deal of pleasure to a great many millions of people, and to do that you must be a master of your medium. Laugh at him, call him a hokum-merchant if you like; but I have an idea that when the arty boys have come and gone, De Mille will still be turning out the stuff that starts them queueing-up just after breakfast. The old maestro laughs last.

It doesn't seem to be generally known that De Mille not only typifies much that is best and worst in Hollywood: he helped to found the place, in conjunction with a Scot called Robert Brunton. That was way back in 1912. A New York showman named Jesse Lasky, a glove salesman named Samuel Goldfish, and a lawyer named Arthur Friend decided that shorts were out of date. They pooled their resources, borrowed every cent that doubtful friends would part with, and raised about £1500. With this in hand—not enough these days to pay the cameraman—they planned a long film version of *The Squaw Man*, and induced the Broadway star, Dustin Farnum, to play the lead. The direction was entrusted to an actor of French-Jewish extraction, Cecil B. De Mille.

Up till this time, American films had all been made near New York, on Long Island. Lasky, Goldfish (now Goldwyn) and De Mille thought they would try California. In Los Angeles they met Brunton, the clever sarcastic Scot, whose biting tongue had talked him out of every job he ever held. Brunton had converted a barn into a primitive studio, where shorts were being turned out, and he promptly offered it to the newcomers. The rent was infinitesimal, the sunshine made all-the-year-round work possible, and extras could be had dirt-cheap—often for the price of a free meal. *The Squaw Man* was finished, and made such a hit that, within three years, the syndicate's original £1500 had grown to £800,000. It is a proof of the three pioneer producers' flair and ability that two are still at the top, and the third not so very far away.

Since then, De Mille's history has, in a sense, been Hollywood's. He has been daring and cautious, spectacularly silly and extraordinarily astute; his name has become a byword for bath-room scenes and gold-plated cuspidors and all manner of pretentious nonsense; while others have taken liberties with the Muse of History, he has ravished the wench entirely. And all the time he prospered. He might cheapen history, as in *The Crusades* and *Cleopatra*, or religion, as in *The Ten Commandments* and *The Sign of the Cross* and (some thought) *The King of Kings*, which seemed to me pretty good; but he never lost his grip on the public, or his flair for handling mass effects.

A couple of years ago, still characteristically moving with the times, De Mille modified his style and proved, in many of the best scenes in *The Plainsman*, that if he chose, he could be one of the finest "straight" directors in the business. *The Buccaneer* was a return to his more rumbustious manner; and now, with *Union Pacific*, he gives us something midway between the two—a slashing historical melodrama about the building of the East-West railway in the roaring 'sixties, when most of America seems to have been given up to Civil War and scalp-hunting Indians and crooks of the Congressional and plain barroom kind.

"Union Pacific" pools the styles developed in "The Plainsman" and "The Buccaneer" by De Mille, says our critic in this article, which also briefly covers the great film showman's history. "Union Pacific" a "slashing historical melodrama about the building of the East-West railroad," stars Barbara Stanwyck (here with Robert Preston) and Joel McCrea. At the Plaza

"Union Pacific" hasn't the slightest claim to consideration as art; but of its kind it is first-rate entertainment. How quickly and lucidly De Mille sketches the historical background of his plot; how brilliantly he handles the crowds, the train smashes, the battles! What English director would have got half as much excitement and grotesque humour out of the scene where Indians wreck the train, tie rolls of silk to their horses' tails, wrap corsets around their horses' necks, and put a bullet through a piano whose keys jangle menacingly?

The actors, too, are handled extremely well. Joel McCrea as the quiet, resolute young special agent has never been better; Barbara Stanwyck's range of tricks are familiar, but still effective enough; and such conventional figures as gunmen and gamblers and sentimental Irish labourers are endowed with enormous vitality and humour. But the best, the outstanding, performance of the picture I have left to the last. Mr. De Mille has taken a young man called Robert Preston, of whom I know nothing except that he is a magnificent actor, and obtained from him one of those rare performances that lift a player at one stride to stardom.

"Bystander" Short Story

Mr. Aigrim

By Basil Collier

Illustration by Jardine

"It is certain," announced Mr. Aigrim sententiously to a circle of friends who had come in for a drink. "It is certain that it is only through the freeing of the libido by the unhampered gratification of the subject's unconscious wishes, that human happiness can be achieved."

At these words, the genie reposing in the samovar which Mr. Aigrim had bought that morning at the Caledonian Market gave a chuckle, the sound of which was attributed by Mr. Aigrim to the bubbling of his friend Mr. Enthrow's pipe.

Soon after this, the guests departed into the mildly stimulating air of a Bloomsbury spring night. Mr. Aigrim took a turn about the room. He was disinclined for sleep. The noise of traffic was hushed; the hour was propitious for work. He took from a drawer the uncompleted manuscript of the monumental tome which was to bring him fame—*Some Marriage Customs of the Bongo-Dongo Islanders, and their Freudian Interpretation.*

He had written a couple of sentences when the genie popped out of the samovar.

"O king, live for ever!" said the genie. The genie knew quite well, of course, that Mr. Aigrim was not a king, and was even an ardent anti-monarchist; indeed, it knew practically everything, including what was going on in people's minds; but it preserved the ancient form.

"What the devil. . . . What on earth do you want?" enquired Mr. Aigrim, startled.

"My wishes are not at all to the purpose," said the genie. "I am here to give effect to yours. The point is, what do *you* want?"

"I want to get on with my work," said Mr. Aigrim, determined to stand no nonsense.

As he spoke these words, the manuscript before him disappeared into a drawer; in its place appeared a copy of the latest detective novel.

Mr. Aigrim, who disapproved of the occult on principle, looked abashed.

"At any rate," he protested, "I never ordered *that*!"

The genie made no reply, but bowed submissively.

Mr. Aigrim pondered.

"Look here," he said at length. "Can you do *anything*?"

"All your wishes, O my master," replied the genie, "shall be instantly obeyed. There is only one exception—I am not allowed to take life."

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Aigrim. "I don't contemplate——"

"Except yours, of course. Self-destruction not being considered a crime in our system, I am not debarred from assisting you to accomplish it. But otherwise——"

"I don't think that need worry us," said Mr. Aigrim cheerfully. "You may consider yourself engaged. Now, tell me, are you always on duty, as it were; or is there any special method of summoning you?"

"Provide me with some comfortable and handy lodging in place of this confounded samovar," replied the genie, "and you can take me round with you as you go about your business; I shall attend upon your slightest whim."

At this point, Mr. Aigrim, overwhelmed by the novelty and excitement of his experiences, fell asleep. At eight o'clock in the morning he awoke, and found himself instantly bathed, shaved and dressed. He had in his possession a small cylindrical vessel intended for the reception of water-colour brushes, and convenient for the pocket; in this he invited the genie to take up its abode. "It is rather a tight fit, I know," he said apologetically. "But I dare say you will manage."

The genie crawled in backwards, and expressed itself well satisfied.

"There's just one other thing," said Mr. Aigrim. "What about food? I mean, what do you usually eat and drink? The same as we have ourselves?"

"Well, probably not; though that depends," said the genie. "I live on Turkish delight and sherbert mostly. But do not, my good master, disturb yourself about this matter. I shall find my own subsistence."

Well satisfied, Mr. Aigrim slipped the cylinder into his pocket and went off in search of his breakfast at the A.B.C. He was half-way through the meal, when the waitress who had served him showed sudden signs of agitation, and disappeared with marked abruptness through the door marked "Service." The genie took advantage of the shelter afforded by Mr. Aigrim's newspaper to slip out of its lodging for a moment and whisper reproachfully in its master's ear.

"I'm certain I never wished for anything of the kind!" cried Mr. Aigrim indignantly.

"The fact is, I was rather strictly brought up," explained the genie, ignoring this protest. "While I have no objections to such pranks when played on a houri or an odalisque, yet, where respectable women are concerned. . . . I have no power to disobey your wishes; fortunately, in this case, I was able to take advantage of their incompletely specific character, and get the girl away in time. You may consider me straitlaced; but I hope that, for the avoidance of scandal, if for no other reason, you will manage in future to confine your thoughts——"

"What nonsense!" said Mr. Aigrim.

By strict attention to the subject of his lecture, he managed to get through the rest of the morning without embarrassment. At one o'clock he met his fiancée, Miss Elvira Turpitude, at the corner of Bedford Square and Gower Street. On the way to the restaurant where they were to lunch she assumed in succession the appearance of Mr. Aigrim's Aunt Elizabeth at the age of twenty-four; the waitress who had served his breakfast; a girl to whom he had passed the mustard at a restaurant on the previous evening; Lady Fischbein; Miss Ginger Rogers; and a well-developed negress of fifteen whom he had seen one day in a 'bus.

At the last of these she kicked. "I don't know what it is," she said," but somehow I don't feel at all myself to-day."

Mr. Aigrim advised her not to worry. The Corner House, however, was so crowded with charming girls, and their impact on her fiancé was so disturbing to Miss Turpitude, that at the close of the meal she gave him back his ring. Their table was secluded, and Miss Turpitude was screened from general observation by a pillar. This did not prevent the waitress who served the pair from showing a good deal of surprise when, having left her male customer in the company of a tall Dutch-bobbed brunette, she returned to find him sitting opposite a plump ash-blonde of five-foot-two.

On his way home, Mr. Aigrim met Mr. Enthrow close to the latter's flat.

(Concluded on page 392)

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hum . . . . Turned out nice again, ain't it Abdul?"

Mr. Aigrim *(Continued from page 390)*

Mr. Enthrow invited him to come in for a moment. He exhibited with pride the just-completed manuscript of his masterpiece, *The Freudian Interpretation of Some Marriage Customs of the Dingo-Bingo Islanders.* Mr. Aigrim congratulated him on finishing the work.

"Have you a copy?" he asked casually.

Mr. Enthrow said he had no copy of the manuscript.

"Then take good care of it, for heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Aigrim.

He had hardly finished speaking, when a wind of inexplicable origin and violence tore the manuscript from Mr. Enthrow's grasp, and bore it through the open window, scattering the sheets to all points of the compass.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Mr. Enthrow, rushing down the stairs. Mr. Aigrim took his departure unobserved.

He found the street in which he lived obstructed by an enormous motor-car, and his flat refurnished throughout in a style of the utmost luxury. He had hardly done admiring its costliness, and sat down for five minutes, when the whole place was transformed, and appeared redecorated and refurnished in another mode. The balloony chair in which he sat became an elegant chaise longue. This, proving uncomfortable, was changed in turn into a voluptuous divan.

A policeman rang the door-bell, and enquired whether it was Mr. Aigrim's motor-car that was holding up the traffic. He wished for food; a succession of enticing dishes was placed before him. So rapidly did they follow one another, that he was unable to taste a second mouthful of any of them until discrimination had been killed by hunger. He desired to go to bed; and found himself immediately in an embarrassing situation. He longed to be elsewhere; and found himself in one still more embarrassing.

He summoned the genie and remonstrated with him. "Grateful as I am," he said, "for your prompt attention to my wishes, I must say your services are confoundedly officious sometimes; especially since it is apparently only my unconscious wishes that you take account of. I don't know what my unconscious is wanting at this moment; but I know the rest of me could do with a little stability and peace. It is a hard thing if a passing fancy is always to be taken literally!"

"I remember King Midas saying exactly the same thing to me only the other millennium," replied the genie. "But, my honoured lord and master, have you considered that, as the ego resides in the unconscious, when you say 'I want'——"

"It is a foul and wicked lie!" cried Mr. Aigrim. "I shall leave this neighbourhood to-morrow!"

"As my lord wills. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether by that move alone you will succeed in finding what you seek. Know that consistency of aim, which brings stability and peace, comes only from an inner harmony."

"And where can I find that?" asked Mr. Aigrim.

"You might try prayer and fasting."

"Then bring me a little prayer and fasting."

"Alas!" said the genie, "that I cannot do! As I perceive, however, that your unconscious thoughts are at this moment fixed upon the damsel who sold you your cigarettes this morning, here she is!" Upon this, a strapping wench appeared before Mr. Aigrim and promptly slapped his face. The genie crept into its lodging.

Mr. Aigrim endured such a life for three weeks. At the end of this term, his nerves were worn to a frazzle. He decided to leave England for a holiday. He would have liked to leave the genie at home, but was unable to rid his mind of a fear that he might require its services. Thus he was forced to take it with him.

Crossing the Channel, the sea was very rough, and Mr. Aigrim was very ill indeed. He wished profoundly, he wished in every fibre of his being, that he was dead.

His body was carried off the boat at Calais, and taken back to England on the next. A few days later it was cremated at Golders Green; and Mr. Aigrim's brother Eustace, who saw to the arrangements, placed the ashes in the samovar.

THE END.

"The New Religion" and Its Creator

The Countess of Antrim's impressive piece of allegorical sculpture is in the exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery which opened just before Whitsun. She submitted it to the Royal Academy selection committee, who rejected it. Lady Antrim is Sir Richard Sykes's sister, married Lord Antrim five years ago, has a son of four and a daughter born last September. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Christopher Sykes (Camilla Russell that was), posed for the flogged woman in this ideologically-inspired group

Make a note of the date! Saturday June 24th

THE GREYHOUND DERBY

AT

WHITE CITY

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS

The Hon. John Acland-Hoodl and Miss Hallett

John Acland-Hood is the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord St. Audries, and a barrister of Gray's Inn. Phyllis Lily Frances Hallett is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Denys Hallett, of 2, Old Palace Terrace, Richmond, Surrey. They were married at Richmond Parish Church, and are honeymooning in Luxembourg

Charles Alan Salier Palmer and Auriol Mary Harbord were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Eric Palmer, of Shinfield Grange, Berks. She is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. R. Harbord, of 114, Queen's Gate, S.W. 7

Mr. John Bagge and Miss Lena Davies

John Alfred Picton Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk, elder son of Sir Picton and Lady Bagge, and Lena Davies, second daughter of D. James Davies, Commissioner for Newfoundland in London, and Mrs. Davies, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and have gone to the South of France for their honeymoon

Mr. C. A. Palmer and Miss Auriol Harbord

CHARITY GALA

Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mrs. Charles Rhys

Lady Louis Mountbatten was president, and Lady Diana Cooper and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys were joint-chairmen of the committee which ran the gala performance of "Me and My Girl" at the Victoria Palace in aid of the Westminster Homes.

DEB DANCE

Mrs. Rowland Rank and Her Daughter

Patricia Unity Rank, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Rank, of Aldwick Place, Sussex, had her dance just before Whitsun, at 6, Stanhope Gate. Mrs. Rank gave a dinner-party of thirty-six people beforehand

Prince Vsevelode of Russia and Lady Mary Lygon

Prince Vsevelode of Russia and Lady Mary Lygon were married at the Russian Church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace Road, last Thursday, after a civil wedding the day before at Chelsea Register Office, and are honeymooning in New York and Cuba. He is the son of the late Prince John Constantinovitch of Russia, and Princess Hélène of Serbia, and she is the third sister of the Earl of Beauchamp. The Rev. Vladimir Theokritov officiated, and the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia and Lord Ashley can be seen behind the bridegroom and bride

SCOTS ON PARADE

Tartan-Sashed Debutantes at the Caledonian Ball

Miss Helen Leslie-Melville, niece of the Earl of Leven and Melville, was one of the debutantes in the set reels. She and Kenneth Mackenzie danced in the third sixteensome (Highland Reel Two)

Lady Mary Greaves, the Countess of Dysart's debutante daughter, danced in the second sixteensome (Highland Reel One), at the Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House. Sitting out with her here is Charles Hardinge

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Nicholas Victor Hunloke, His Mother, Sister, Brother

Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke's third child was christened Nicholas Victor in the Crypt of the House of Commons, with Lord Harcourt, the Hon. William Astor, Robert E. Sherwood, the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, and Mrs. Fred Astaire as godparents. Here he is with his mother, the Duke of Devonshire's youngest sister, his sister Philippa and his brother Timothy

Elizabeth Stopford, Her Parents and Sister

Viscount and Viscountess Stopford's daughter was christened Elizabeth Cameron last week at Chelsea Old Church. She is their second child, their elder daughter; Mary Christina, having been born in 1936. Lord Stopford is the Earl of Courtown's heir. His wife was Christina Cameron before their 1934 marriage; her father is Admiral John Ewen Cameron

More Wooderson Laurels

S. C. Wooderson, the small runner of great speed, delighted Whit-Monday spectators of the British Games at White City by a great mile for his county of Kent; he finished in 4 mins. 7·4 secs. (a second outside his own world's record), took his cup afterwards from Lady Aberdare. But despite this, Surrey carried off the county championship for the third year

Valerie Scott won the Lord Iliffe rose-bowl at Major Tempest's invitation tennis tournament at Badstoell House, Wash Common, in aid of Newbury Hospital. She was presented the trophy (left) by Lord Carnarvon's fourteen-year-old daughter Lady Penelope Herbert

Valerie Scott Takes Her Bowl

Right: Someries House made a surprise win in the Roehampton open cup final tie, beating the Optimists with the conclusive margin of 10 to 4. Their No. 1, Sir Harold Wernher, took the cup from Mrs. Charles Miller; on the right is Mr. G. E. Prior-Palmer. Later Someries House lost on handicap in an early round of the Sutton-Smith Cup (see above)

Left: Laila Schou-Nilsen, the world's speed-skating champion and ski-champion of Norway, is also an excellent lawn-tennis player—proved it at Major Tempest's invitation tournament at Badstoell House by beating, with Audrey Cardinall, the doubles favourites, Rita Jarvis and Nina Brown

Ice and Snow to Lawn Tennis

At Cowes, the dinghies are once more plying to and fro from jetty to mooring, and yacht-caps are shining in the sun; the two on the left belong to Mr. Robert Steele and Mr. Richard Preston, who are followed by their wives. The latter won the 30-square metre class with Tre-Sang, in the Whitsun regatta

F.O. v. H.A.C.—Ancient Batsman

The hieroglyphics above, signify that the Foreign Office played the Honourable Artillery Company—at cricket in the grounds of Swakeleys. The diplomats and terriers elected to play in costume: here C. W. Morris, the H.A.C. captain, hits out

F.O. v. H.A.C.

Sir Robert Vansittart, chief ment, bowled the first ball in match at Swakeleys—but not F.O. side was H. Caccia, Lord match was to celebrate the ham house, now headquarters

The Roehampton Open Challenge Cup is Presented

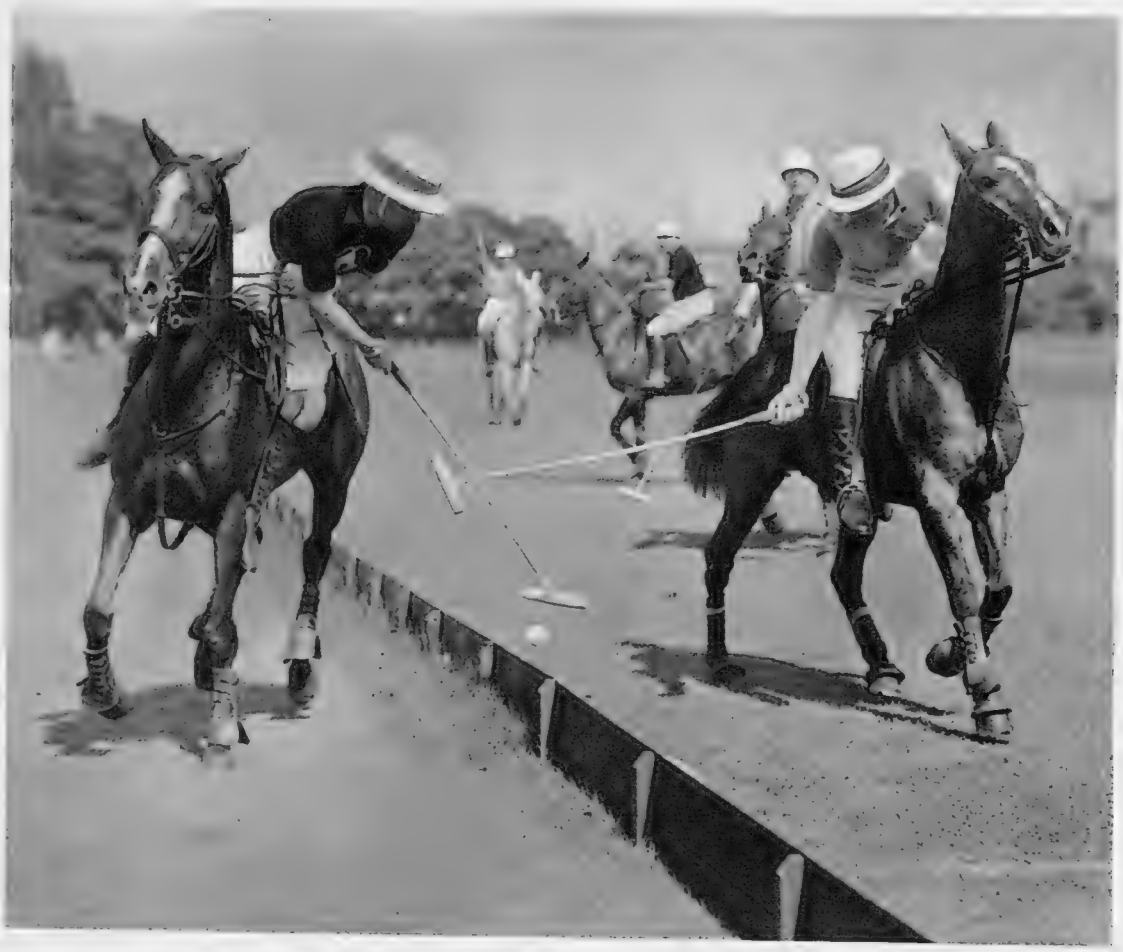
Whitsun Racing Started the Cowes Season

— Modern Bowler

diplomatic adviser to the Govern- the Foreign Office and H.A.C. in costume. The captain of the Halifax's private secretary. The tercentenary of the famous Icken- of the F.O. Sports Association

Sportfolio

Whitsun and After in the Open Air



A Duel by the Boards : an Incident of the Pandas-Someries House Tie

It was a clear, hot polo day when the last of the first-round ties in the Sutton-Smith Challenge Cup (high handicap) was played between the Pandas and Someries House, the winners of the Roehampton Open Cup, at Roehampton. Good teamwork on the part of the Pandas enabled them to maintain their handicap advantage over Someries House (for whom Lord Barnby played in Mr. Prior-Palmer's place), and, receiving 2½, they won by 5½ to 3 goals. Here Mr. Dugdale, Pandas' No. 2, tries to hook the stick of his opposite number, Mr. A. M. Horsburgh-Porter, behind whom can be seen Sir Harold Wernher

Britain's Whitsun Win Over France

Britain and France were fighting for the honour of meeting Germany (who beat Sweden the same week-end), and Britain won it in a good series of Davis Cup matches at Wimbledon at Whitsun. In the doubles our pair, Frank Wilde and Charles Hare, beat the Frenchmen, P. Pellizza and Yvon Petra by 6—3, 6—3, 3—6, 4—6, 6—3. The players are here in the order named

Shayes in Action

It fell to Ronald Shayes to strike the death-blow at the French team's hopes of a visit to Grünewald; having lost to Boussus, he rallied in the decisive match, beat Destremeau 6—3, 4—6, 6—4, 7—5

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Great Final

The Champion: *Alexander Kyle (Sand Moor), whose win in the Amateur Championship at Hoylake is discussed and praised by Mr. Morrison here, was rightly pleased when he posed with his cup and his father and mother*

JUST before Easter last year, I was standing at the back of the eighteenth green at St. Andrews, when an excited Scot, who had just finished his round, ran up to me and said: "There is a mon playing behind us who is putting all his approach shots within a few yards of the pin at every hole. I really think that you ought to watch him play, as I am sure you will find him worthy of consideration for our Walker Cup team." I looked down the eighteenth fairway, and saw a figure hit his second shot to within a yard or so of the last hole, and replied: "Thank you very much for your kind assistance. That man is Alex Kyle, and he is up here practising for the Walker Cup trial matches, which will be played here next month."

Just over a year later, Alexander T. Kyle, of the Sand Moor Golf Club, near Leeds, won the Amateur Championship at Hoylake, by defeating in the thirty-six holes' final Anthony A. Duncan, of the Southerndown Golf Club, by two holes up and one hole to play. I have seen many finals of the Amateur Championship, and I must say that I have never enjoyed watching a final as much as I did this one.

KYLE has to work hard, and consequently gets little time for golf, and if we can believe what we read in the daily newspapers, the Army has lately been working overtime; thus Duncan, like Kyle, has only been able to play an occasional round at the week-ends.

Too often in the final of this event we find men who grovel on their tummies all over the greens, who never play a shot until they have had a long consultation with their caddies concerning the choice of a suitable club and who delay their shots because someone in the gallery is talking, moving, or applauding the efforts of their opponents. This year we had in the final two men who are true amateurs, and who played in this championship in very much the same way as they play in their ordinary week-end matches; in short, they played the game as it was intended to be played, and as people who understand it like to see it played.

In spite of being delayed by the stewards getting the crowd out of the way, Kyle and Duncan played the first nine holes of this final in one hour and five minutes, and the first round in just over one hour and twenty minutes, and did this on a course on which the walks from the greens to the tees are probably longer than on any other golf course in the world.

SOME of the credit for the smooth running and lack of delay in this final must be given to the stewards, who were organised most efficiently in various squads. While some squads were controlling the spectators round a green on which the players were putting, other squads were clearing and roping-off the next fairway, which meant that there was very little delay on the tees. Very often in finals the tee-shots are delayed for a considerable time by spectators in hundreds rushing across the line of play, and thus causing annoyance and inconvenience to thousands. At Hoylake, only a few very ill-mannered people refused to comply with the requests of the stewards, and caused delay by running across the line of play in front of the various tees. It is difficult to understand how apparently decent people can be so disgustingly selfish and inconsiderate, especially as they gain nothing by their rudeness.

We have heard far too much about how badly Britons putt, and also about how well Americans putt, and those who watched the play at Hoylake, and saw Yates, Holt and Chapman in action, *know* how well Americans can putt. Nevertheless, these three, and also Travis, Travers, Ouimet, Hagen and Jones have never putted in a championship better than Kyle and Duncan did in this final. I hope that never again can anyone with truth say that Britons cannot putt: they certainly cannot say so at the present time.

Owing to the fact that he is a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, Duncan had had opportunities of playing on more courses and against better golfers than Kyle had, which was certainly in his favour; but the fact that he had had considerably more experience of golf on seaside courses was no advantage at Hoylake's championship course, which is nothing like a seaside course.

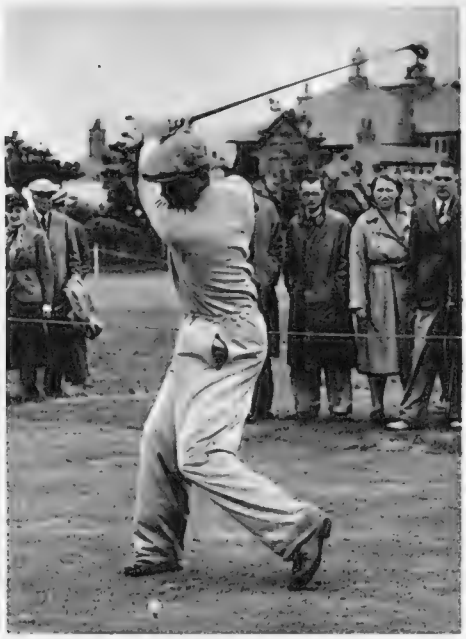
AFTER such a magnificent final, in which both golfers played so well, so quickly, and so gallantly, it is difficult to say that the right man won, but I do think that, after carefully considering their play generally in the earlier rounds, as well as in the final, the majority of those who watched the play will agree with me that the right man did win. One spectator of great golfing experience and knowledge said, very rightly: "The man who can beat Bruen in the morning and Holt in the afternoon certainly deserves to win." This is what Kyle did.

I believe that Holt has been in the last eight of the American Amateur Championship three times in recent years, and was a strong favourite for the championship played at Garden City, where some unkind man went round in approximately 68 against him on a course on which a round of 80 is often good enough to win.

On the Friday, Duncan had a much easier time than Kyle: he beat R. D. Chapman, a regular entrant from the U.S.A., who had previously putted the holder, Charles Yates, out of the championship by 5 and 4, and Charles Stowe by 3 and 2. At Hoylake, the fourteenth and sixteenth greens are very suitable places to polish-off your opponent, as they are only a short distance from the club-house. Good players as Chapman and Stowe are, I would not back them in a foursome against Bruen and Holt.

It thought that Bruen played too well too soon. Against Kyle, his second shot of the match finished out-of-bounds; this disaster appeared to shake him badly, and he never afterwards played with his usual confidence and fire.

AS far as I know, and as far as I could see, this was the best final played since the war, and the best player won. Whatever the supporters of thirty-six-holes' matches may say, the best player with hardly an exception, always does win the Amateur Championship. Amateurs do not play thirty-six-holes' matches, so why should they play matches to which they are unaccustomed in an amateur championship?



Runner-up *makes his last drive: Anthony Duncan, the Army player, who met Kyle in the final, took three fatal putts on the sixteenth green, put his ball out of bounds after this drive at the seventeenth, to lose 2 and 1*

Eighteen-year-old *Tom Hiley (Southport and Ainsdale) one of three youths of his age in the Hoylake championship, did well to win his first three matches in style, before losing to the new Champion in the fourth round*

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C.F.H.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

St. George's Hospital; St. George's Hill

"A CRYSTAL fob-watch by Drayson. Stalls at Drury Lane. Lunch or dinner for two at Luigi's. A shampoo and set at San Remo. A case of jam from Mr. Hartley." And so forth and so on. I rub my eyes. In spite of the hawthorns drenched in blossom, despite the roses in flower in the next-door garden, and the green-fly on our own, such a list reads like a page from the *Help Yourself* Christmas annual. But, no. Looking again, these attractions are all part of a grand amateur open meeting in aid of St. George's Hospital, which is to take place at Wentworth, most hospitable of clubs, on Friday, July 7th.

Valid excuses for not competing will be hard to find. You may start at any hour of your own selection between 9.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; you may be man partnered by man, woman by woman, or a combination of both, with handicaps and tees duly adjusted to fit the crime. Between whiles, you can have a refresher in the swimming-pool, and at the end of the day you will be—with luck—the richer by one of these ingenious awards; and St. George's Hospital by your entrance-fee. That is 10s. for one round, or 15s. for two; no green fee is charged, and the sum includes—here is another novelty—a 2s. 6d. sweep. All that remains is to find the right partner, and enter to Mrs. James Terry, 27, Argyll Road, Campden Hill, W.8; or to the Appeal Secretary, St. George's Hospital, S.W.1.

It is amazing how many things a faithful public believe a golf correspondent is capable of doing, or at least suggesting other people should do. My letter-bag this week has included, amongst much else: (1) a suggestion to enlist women golfers as drivers in the Women's Legion, Commandant Mrs. Clarke, secretarial work by Mrs. John Beck, presidency by Lady Londonderry; (2) an introduction for competitiors in the L.G.U. Handicap Challenge Bowl meeting to the sights of Lincolnshire (after Miss Spalding and Mrs. Ellis had already done their winning); and for the L.G.U. itself a fresh way of starting the intricacies of a L.G.U. handicap certificate; (3) an account of a county championship ten days after it had been concluded, and such mention as space permitted had already been made of it. Let no correspondent think such things are unwelcome, but there are limits to this page's digestion, even of fresh news, and stale simply cannot be used.

THERE is so much bang-up-to-date news to cope with. County matches, for example, must be dismissed with a mere bald statement that Surrey, despite Hampshire beating them, are through their subdivision, and so are Lancashire, the holders, despite one defeat from Cheshire.

And there seems little room for a gallant final of the Parliamentary tournament, won by Mrs. Leslie Bushman, who received five strokes from Mrs. C. Hill-Wood. They played over the Red Course at Berkshire, and the eventual loser had much the best of it to start with. There was some good golf from both of them.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL annual open meeting for the glorious mailed figure of the saint taking a full swipe at the dragon with his sword (critics find the challenge statuette quite charming, but the left elbow a trifle high for a modern swing), was held in delicious weather with the adjacent gardens at their best. So was Miss Marjorie Raworth, who is playing first-class golf after several months of doing a job instead.

This very popular competition is no longer over thirty-six holes, which were held to savour too much of hard work; eighteen is now sufficient; and so by lunch time, Miss Raworth's 74 gross, only one more than the par of the green, was safe. She does hit the ball so beautifully that it seemed no more than her due. She owed nothing to luck, only one of her two twos and none of her threes to long putts, but just played such good golf that it appeared, as most of the best rounds do, unlucky that it was not even better. However, since par is 73, and Miss Raworth's handicap is 4, no complaints are justified, and, moreover, she had the big satisfaction as well of winning the Surrey Coronation Medal under handicap, for which there were fifty-nine other entrants, with handicaps up to eighteen, to contend with.

Irish Champion

Miss C. MacGeagh, a member of the Irish team for Portrush, and a lacrosse international as well, won a dramatic victory over Miss E. Gildea in the final of the Irish Women's Golf Championship at Bundoran, Co. Donegal: four down at the turn, she never took the lead till the thirty-fifth green

Miss Beryl Pockett's 79 was the only other scratch return in the seventies; Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. A. C. Johnston both needed 80, Miss Barton having a most grisly 8 at the sixteenth, in the middle of an otherwise good round. She is hitting the ball beautifully this year, without any foolish striving for excessive length, and if she keeps up her present sound attitude to the game, nobody must take her chances at Portrush lightly. She and Miss Garnham seem to have played splendid golf against each other when she twice beat her at the nineteenth in Surrey v. Essex at Thornden Park; but I was not there to see. Not that I went to the Derby that day, though I did have two modest bobs on the right horses; which last is, perhaps, a rash remark to commit to paper. The next thing will be requests for racing tips, and those I do know myself thoroughly incompetent to give, although . . .

Fine Whitsun Golfing Weather at Le Touquet

The trousered pair, two of the English Whitsun invasion of the Norman coast, are Annelise Petschek and Ursula Wyndham-Quin

The smoked-glass quintet with drinks and chips (but not Le Touquet's most important brand of chips) are Mrs. R. Turner, Mrs. A. Colthurst, Mrs. L. B. Robinson, Mrs. R. Gregory and Mrs. Graham Bailey

GOOD TASTE marks her choice in most things. With cigarettes her preference is 'cork-tipped', but for good taste she knows they must always be—

Player's

PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED · MEDIUM OR MILD · 10 for 6½D · 20 for 1/0½D

N.C.C.488G

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Table Talk

By V. S. Pritchett

BRILLAT-SAVARIN said that the fate of nations was governed by their feeding-habits. I do not know what this remark means. There is something maddening about French conceit and fussiness on the subject of *le goût*; but the conservatism of Frenchmen of all political parties reminds me of Samuel Butler's remark that radicals always have bad digestions; and one suspects that in England the appalling diet and cooking of the working and lower middle classes has its social consequences. There was the gastric 'bus strike. Mr. H. G. Wells, with his usual acuteness, described Mr. Polly's mangled digestion in terms of civil war.

So there is something to be said for Brillat-Savarin as a sociologist as well as a gourmet, and Professor J. C. Drummond's and Miss Anne Wilbraham's *The Englishman's Food* (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is an encouraging sign of an awakening seriousness in ourselves. They have investigated five centuries of English diet, from the Middle Ages, when foreigners said that, though our food was dirty, we ate better than in any Continental nation, until the present day when, among the prosperous countries, we do badly. Nothing like as advanced in dietetics, socially or gastronomically, as the Americans, we are probably better than the Germans who are busy spreading guns on their bread; but are still divided, as a nation, into two Englands—the fat and the thin, the well-fed and the stunted.

The Englishman's Food is engrossing, not only for its study of the curiosities of the history of our diet, but for its account of the progress of medical ideas from the faintly astrological theories of the humours to the well-drilled performance of the vitamin-theory of the present day. You can read about scurvy, rickets, and infected milk, or you can skip that for the menus of old banquets, to learn that oysters were 4d. a barrel in the fifteenth century, that the price of chickens went up from 1d. to 3d. between 1515 and 1603, that tomatoes came in 1880 and were thought to be an aphrodisiac. The Armada was fought by a hungry and semi-bankrupt England. The history of diet is the history of superstition. Until the eighteenth century, fruit was thought to cause fevers, and garden vegetables did not appear until the seventeenth century. We owe our belated knowledge of vegetables to the Flemish refugees. About the plainness of our cooking we have always been fiercely patriotic and even moral—but the truth is, I am sure, that quantity made up for quality. In Scotland (and in England, too) there was even legislation against gluttony, aimed at official and especially ecclesiastical banquets, and in the fifteenth century there was an Act forbidding anyone beneath the rank of gentleman to eat meat.

The nineteenth century was our worst period. We had got rid of scurvy, but the pauperisation of the workers under early industrialism had enormously increased the number of cases of rickets by 1840. One factory owner protested that when he opened his factory windows his men were hungrier and wanted higher wages. Science and reform have destroyed the biological defence of poverty, and in the last 100 years we seem to have increased our average height considerably. But, again, there are two Englands. In the Boer War the Army could not get physically fit recruits and to-day the poorer classes are anything from one to three inches shorter than the better off. *The Englishman's Food* is, perhaps, an awkward blend of dietetic instruction and historical entertainment, but it is absorbing to read.

Swaebe

Emlyn Williams and Dora Gordine

Emlyn Williams has been giving sittings to sculptor Dora Gordine in her studio down at Kingston for the bust on which she is working here. His play, "The Corn is Green," in which he plays lead, is still running very successfully at the Duchess, and soon he starts work on a new film, "The Stars Look Down." Dora Gordine, who is Russian, is in private life the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hare; her husband is the Earl of Listowel's brother. She had an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries not long ago

DAVID, the doctor-writer of Mr. L. A. G. Strong's new novel, *The Open Sky* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is sent to an island community off the West Coast of Ireland, to get over a nervous breakdown. He is a bad case, a man destructive of his own and other people's happiness, given to the shrill tantrums of a minor actor; and the book describes his effect on his hosts. They see in him a kind of reincarnation of an English painter who had seduced one of their women a generation before, and had left an illegitimate girl behind him; and they watch for David to repeat the disaster with this daughter. They need not have feared. David is too vain a trifler, too fanatically wary and self-explanatory. The naïve Sheila is fascinated, but keeps her head. Actually, this difficult and even improbable affair is convincing because it is so commonplace. And though I think that the appearance of David's wife at the end is a mistake, she too is genuine because of her severe dullness. David is diffuse. He is called "the regulation city neurotic." The islanders can hardly cast a stone. The place is the familiar Celtic lunatic asylum of picturesque literature. There is a mad hermit, a poisonous thief, a would-be fratricide and child-beater, a screaming witch; and they poach, fight, get mad drunk, plot, extort oaths on the Cross and put on spells. (Exception must be made of another sound portrait, that of the grave young fisherman, Donough.) Nature plays up too. While some of this is very good, a lot of it is not really assimilated, and one feels Mr. Strong is just wheeling on the local colour. He is an excellent and inventive story-teller, and this is one of his better books of the romantic kind; but he is not really a powerful writer by nature. He mistakes panic as a source of power.

ONE sentence in Miss Ethel Mannin's new instalment of autobiography, *Privileged Spectator* (Jarrolds; 10*s.* 6*d.*), takes the gossip writer's prize for banality:

"People often ask me 'Do you still see Norman Haire?' The answer is, Yes, occasionally, but, it seems, with longer and longer intervals as the years go on."

Allowing for such occasional breaks, I found her book far more readable, entertaining and sensible than I had expected. Miss Mannin now repents of the earlier *Confessions* — the unhappy thirties are embarrassed everywhere by the too glad ghost of the earlier decade — and now, following an honest if humourless course from Montparnasse to the Riviera and the Bloomsbury round, reading her sketches of people like Yeats, Toller, the formidable Emma Goldman, and Mr. H. G. Wells, one is struck by a perceptive common sense. Autobiography is uncreative, she says. So it is when it is just reminiscence; but she has a Wells-ish interest in her development. She is individual. It takes an Irishwoman to become an anarcho-pacifist!

"YOU 'RE WELCOME" (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is Mr. Charles Graves' rapid, shrewd, chatty, expert account of an American tour, south to Charleston, north to Chicago, and over to Hollywood. If you want to know the bars, the stars, the chic restaurants, the hotel habits, the famous trains and the face value of well-fed travel, Mr. Graves conveys it all with an electric ease.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

SUMMER engagements mean new hats, and more of them; for you must be prepared to meet dull and sunny days from May to August, besides having to weather different degrees of formality. Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, is a hatter's haven for you. Here they have hats to fulfil every sort of obligation. The one at the top of the page you will need for print-frock functions. You 'll wear it with a vivid print and a pair of long suede gloves. The straw is leghorn, which you probably knew in your youth; it used to be trimmed with ears of barley, poppies, and cornflowers. To-day they dye it black and pose scarlet geraniums in front of the crown. This is a large style, but the cool sweep of its brim is infinitely becoming. In the circle, a hat that looks so simple you 'll think you are back at school. But it 's no schoolgirl panama. Wear it at the tilt, and its soft brim will sweep away from your face most charmingly. It is artlessly banded with black petersham in the best traditions of simplicity. The lower hat is the type you 'll wear on non-sunny days. Nothing could be more cheering, for the veiling is shaded from a pale golden colour through all the warm yellowy shades of sunlight to a deep peachy-orange. The hat is made in brown fancy coarse straw; you will probably buy it for dull days and wear it every day

Scott Bushe

Minstrel Motif . . .

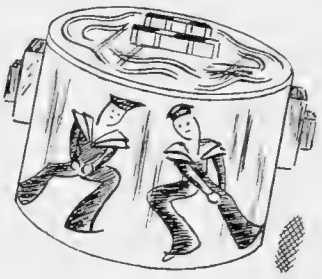
As carefree as a darkie with a banjo and a broad smile: these "minstrel stripe" shorts have a swagger about them which you'll like on sight. They are white, with a navy stripe, so they can play casual tennis, look efficient on a cruise, and give just the right atmosphere for sailing. With a nautical navy top you will look sufficiently workmanlike to be taken on any spin. They are made by the Dunlop people, and can be bought at most shops. (A card to 28, St. George Street, Hanover Square, will bring the name of your nearest agent.) The shorts cost 27/6 and the longs 25/-. You'll like the loose-limbed elegance of the longs. In white they will take you everywhere with the most assured nonchalance. They copy men's trousers with most flattering faithfulness, even to the small pleats at the waistband. They are made in a variety of weatherproof materials, including worsted flannels in blue, grey, green and white, plain or chalk-striped. You can also have the longs in minstrel stripes. The shoes worn in the picture are from Dunlop, too

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of novelties

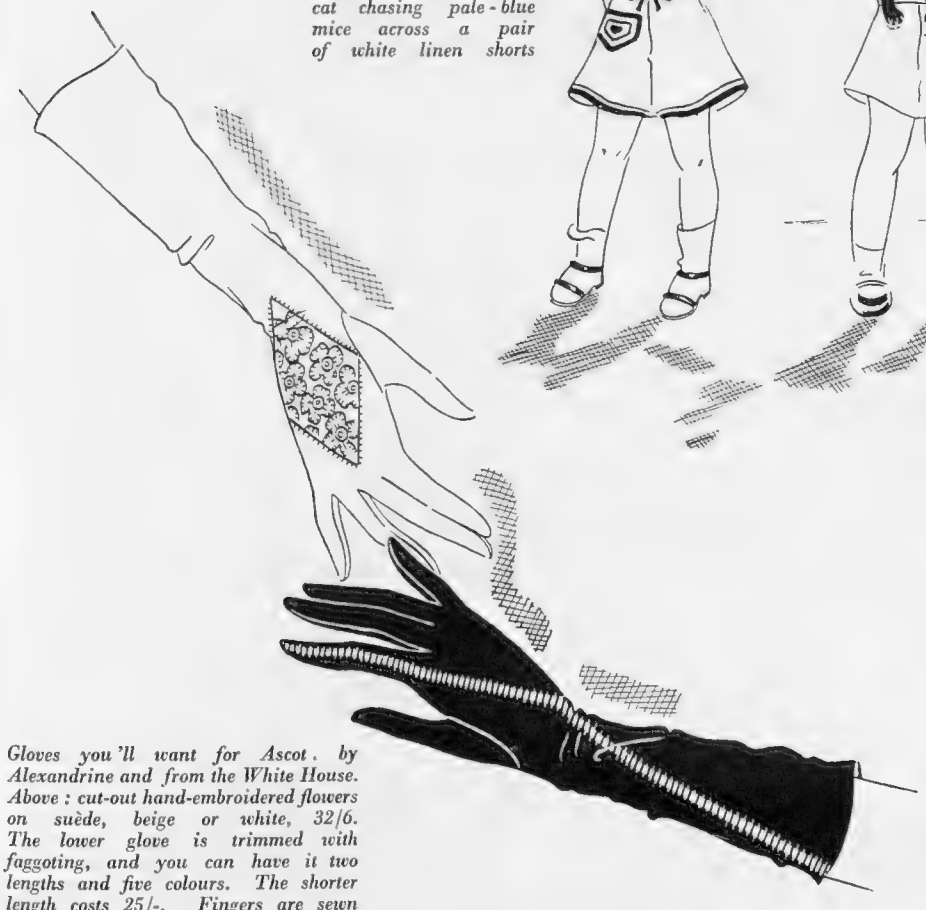
discovered by peta
pictured by pam

The fat brown buds and pale green leaves of the chestnut decorate a box which is banded in brown and lime-green, and filled with Bendick's sweets. Below is a pottery container for the nursery sweets. Bendick's of Bruton Street will contract to fill it regularly for you

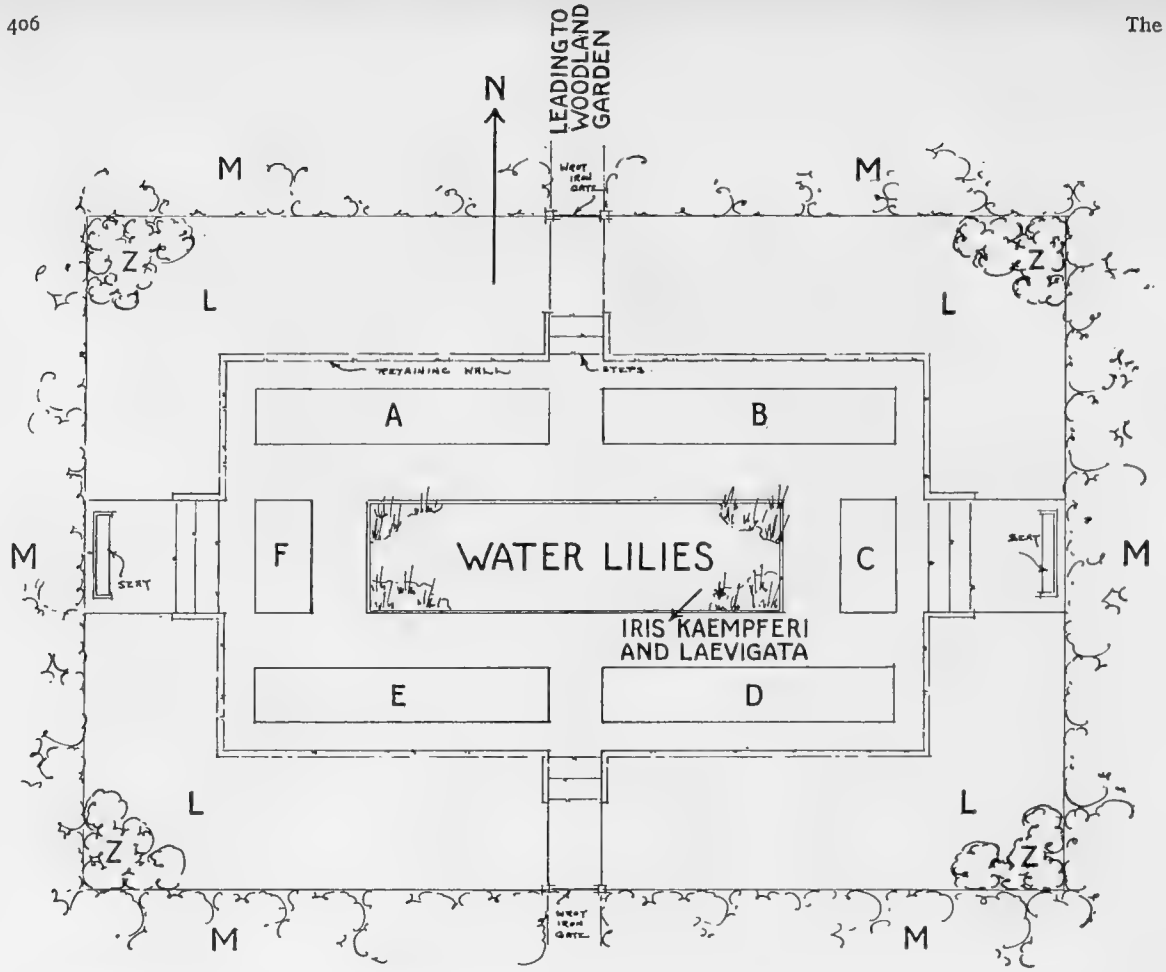


Beach suits for the under-fives: both these come from the White House, 51, New Bond St. On the right, a workmanlike affair in cream linen trimmed with navy and scarlet; far right, a pale-blue cat chasing pale-blue mice across a pair of white linen shorts

Considerably larger than life but just as lovely is Ciro's shamrock brooch, made of Ciro diamonds and emeralds. Looks priceless, but costs, mercifully, a guinea. The clip ear-rings give a streamlined look to your ear, which you will like; mat gilt and Ciro diamonds. The mixed bunch below, in Ciro jewels, has a prong clip, and can be worn on coat or dress



Gloves you'll want for Ascot. by Alexandrine and from the White House. Above: cut-out hand-embroidered flowers on suède, beige or white, 32/6. The lower glove is trimmed with faggoting, and you can have it two lengths and five colours. The shorter length costs 25/-. Fingers are sewn inside for a specially slender fit



Plan of an Iris Garden

A—F: Dwarf flag irises, J. Pumila, and Dutch, Spanish and English irises.

Z: Old-fashioned roses.

M: Japanese cherries, magnolias, Amelanchias and Photinia villosa.

L: Collection of flag irises, with tulips and daffodils

Gardener's Chronicle

Flowers of Early June : By R. C. Jenkinson

Iris Garden

AMIDST the galaxy of flowers coming out just now, it becomes increasingly difficult to choose what to talk about; but as the iris show coincides with the publication of this article, and as irises are one of my favourite families, let us consider an iris garden.

It is a fallacy to imagine that a part of the garden given over chiefly to these plants will have a short season of beauty. For while you can have irises of one kind or another in flower from, say, March to the end of July, the foliage of many of them is attractive, too. It is, however, of the May-June flowering flag irises that I want more particularly to write now. Whilst they are, of course, freely used in herbaceous and/or shrub borders, it is in sections of a garden allocated chiefly to them that their beauty is best displayed: just so one makes a rose garden. But a rose garden is dull—so often ugly, dare I say it?—for so many months of the year. Not so with the iris.

NOW there are, I think, two outstanding ways of growing them. First, in borders: double borders, of from two to eight feet wide, divided by a grass or paved path; by varying the depth as I suggest, one will get wide recessed bays of irises, graded according to their height, with re-entrants of shrubs or herbaceous plants, chosen to flower before or after the irises and to form a background for them.

In such a planting the irises should not be placed so close that daffodils and tulips cannot be planted in clumps amongst them—let alone other spring bulbs—to amalgamate with the background plants in prolonging the attraction of "The Iris Border." Probably the best method is to plant shrubs and bulbs for April and May, shrubs for autumn colour, and irises: this would make a very good garden walk for several months of the year.

SECONDLY, let us consider an iris garden proper, that is to say, a rectangle of ground laid out for the growing of nothing but iris. We will imagine—I have in the past seen it—an iron gate leading into a yew-enclosed space, surrounded by Japanese cherries, Amelanchias, magnolia and Photinia villosa, the second and last for autumn colour, and the yew hedge clipped to four feet.

In the centre there is a pool, with water-lilies, and shallow tubs adjacent to it, with holes made so that the water can percolate their bases, for iris Kaempferi and Laevigata in their various forms, whose glorious flat soup-plates in white, mauve and purple shall rejoice us in July. Around the pool runs a path dividing it from four-foot beds, containing clumps of the dwarfer flag irises, such as Cretan, Sapphire, Amber, Istria (white), some of the different coloured forms of iris, Pumila for April, and Dutch, Spanish and English iris which flower in succession from early May to late June; all amongst the latter there are pansies or dwarf annuals for later summer.

A narrow path divides these beds from the second set, which in the garden I am thinking of are raised about eighteen inches, with a little supporting wall in front and made gently sloping, the better to show off the plants at the back. (See plan.) You will see old roses, such as Celestial, Coupe d'Hebe, Provence Red, and others, fill out the corners. In the most sheltered, sunniest angle are the tall Californians (Purissima, Los Angeles, etc.), four or five feet high and quite happy in the open. The rest of the beds are filled with various flag irises, carefully chosen according to height and colour, and dotted all through them are mixed May-flowering tulips, with daffodils towards the front.

In selecting irises it is not enough that their flowers are lovely: they must have strong, sturdy stems to carry the flowers aloft and not flop about untidily, unless they are staked.

It is not generally realised that many irises have the most delicious scent; and that they last well when cut and put into water, only asking that the dead flowers are picked off, to allow the later buds to develop properly.

Opposite the entrance to this garden, which is on the south side, another iron gate leads off into cool open woodland. Hither in June one may leave the blaze of iris-flower to enjoy the great heart-shaped shining emerald-green leaves of lilium giganteum, which in early July, at the same time as the Japanese iris Kaempferi blooms at the end of the pool, throw up mighty eight- or ten-foot spikes carrying as many as twenty semi-pendant white trumpets. But we visit this part of the garden in a later note.

The vagaries of Summer
demand the consistencies of

KIA-ORA

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

At last we have a Minister of Transport who not only announces his intention to serve the needs of all forms of transport, but really means to do so. Motorists may well rejoice at the speech Captain Euan Wallace made recently to the National Safety First Congress organised by the National Safety First Association. Referring to the Alness Report, the Minister said: "I intend to pay it the compliment of the most thorough and meticulous examination, not from the standpoint . . . of how many of its recommendations can be put in pigeonholes, but from that of how many it is possible to adopt and put into practice." There speaks a man of action.

I hope the Minister will not delay in putting into effect methods of rendering road surfaces uniformly safe. There can be no excuse, so far as I can see, for the continued practice of laying types of surface which over and over again have been proved tragically dangerous for motor and other forms of wheeled transport. It really does seem incredible to me that roads in and around London are still being relaid with wood blocks in these supposedly enlightened days.

In his address, the Minister laid particular emphasis upon his interest in those sections of the Select Committee's document which deal with segregation of traffic-streams and with education of the young in Road Safety. Important as both these aspects of the road accidents problem undoubtedly are, I would ask Captain Wallace to bear in mind that even with knowledgeable motorists in one-way traffic streams, dangerous road-surfaces would still be a terrible menace.

I mention this because the Minister didn't.

Whit-Monday Winner: *C. K. Mortimer rounds the Members' Hill turn in the second road handicap of the Whit-Monday meeting at Brooklands; he won it in his M.G.*

Viscount Nuffield's luncheon to mark the production of the millionth Morris car was a wholly unforgettable function. It is immeasurably to the credit of Lord Nuffield himself that the luncheon proved—I am certain of it—at least as memorable an occasion to him as it did to us who were privileged to be his guests. Surely the greatest of his many charming attributes is Lord Nuffield's unquenchable zest for the great adventure of life. His very natural pride in his achievements is certainly no greater than his pride in the achievements of those stalwarts who have been associated with him from his small beginnings right up to the present day.

Thus his voice rang with sincerity when appreciatively he introduced to his guests Messrs. A. E. Keen, A. F. Organ, W. H. Anstey, B. W. Crease, J. A. Cooper, W. H. Thornton, and B. W. Jewell, whose service totals well over 140 years.

For once, Lord Nuffield allowed himself to become frankly reminiscent—not to say reminiscently frank. He showed us a photograph of the first product of the Morris Company—a bicycle built on a capital of a little more than £4, and sold by him at the

(Concluded on page iv)

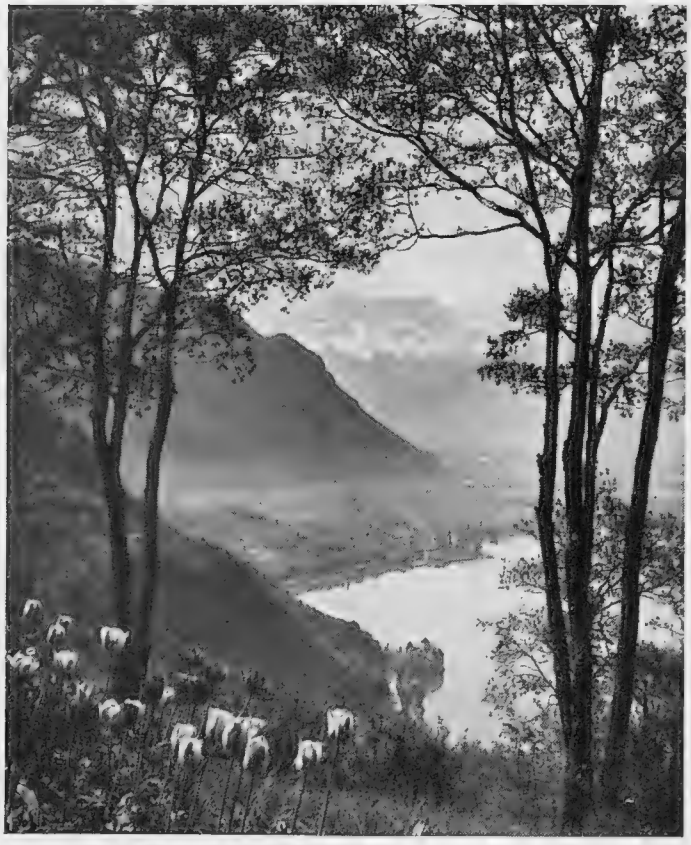


Photo: Franzioli

Travel on the Swiss Postal Motors, which take you off the beaten track.

INFORMATION: Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways & State Travel Bureau, Mailing Dept. 5, 11-B Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

Peaceful SWITZERLAND

Escape from everyday care

For a happy holiday in a tranquil land unvexed by restrictions, come to Switzerland. Swiss hotels lead the world in variety of choice, friendly personal service, and value for money. Travel is direct by rail or air. There are special fare reductions and a petrol price concession for motorists. The £ buys around 21 Swiss francs; there are no money formalities whatever. Swiss spas are renowned; so are the Swiss educational establishments.

CENTRAL SWITZERLAND

LUCERNE—Switzerland's "Holiday Capital," unequalled for excursions. First-class sporting and artistic attractions. August 1939: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL—World's greatest conductors and soloists.

LAKE LUCERNE with its incomparable landscapes is of ever refreshing charm. Renowned view-points and pass-roads. Many delightful lakeside and mountain resorts, including: *Weggis*, with a pretty beach; *Vitznau*, start of Rigi Rly.; *Brunnen-Morschach-Axenfels-Axenstein; Engelberg* (3,450 ft.), charming Alpine centre in a neighbouring valley; over 50 walks.

LAKE GENEVA—VAUDOIS ALPS

By Lake Geneva, all the pleasures of beach life with tonic mountain air; Montreux, Caux, Glion, Les Avants, Vevey-Mont-Pélerin, Chexbres, Lausanne, Morges.

In the Vaudois Alps, between 3,000 and 5,000 ft.—Villars-Chesières, Gryon, Les Diablerets and Château-d'Oex.

In the forested Jura: St. Cergue, Joux Valley, Ste. Croix-les Rasses.

Thermal Spas: Lavey-les-Bains, Bax-les-Bains, Yverdon-les-Bains.

Summer 1939—Do not fail to visit the

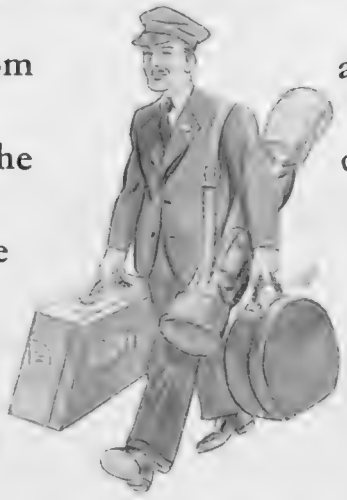
SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION

ZURICH—MAY 6 to OCT. 29

WOLSELEY

25 h.p. *Special* DROP-HEAD COUPÉ

THIS is the ideal all-the-year-round car. The hood seals tight. There is plenty of room at the back in spite of a short wheelbase which gives the car amazing cornering qualities. Performance is quite phenomenal, high maximum speed, astonishing acceleration yet quiet docility in traffic. The body lines are very beautiful and the winding quarter lights prevent your passengers feeling cooped up.



THE PRICE—£498 IS VERY REASONABLE.
Equipment includes Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Glass and Jackall Jacks.

Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8, distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.1, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., of Oxford.

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

age of sixteen. This was followed in 1903 by his first motor-cycle; while a year later, we were told, he amalgamated with a young gentleman at Christchurch, Oxford, who was reputed to possess £130,000. "In three years," exclaimed Lord Nuffield, "he had spent the whole of his £130,000, and all I had as well."

Cleaned out at the age of twenty-four, he paid 19s. 6d. in the £1 and started off again, owing the bank £50. In 1910 he decided that America would completely swamp the British car market unless some British firm took steps to stop its policy of industrial encirclement, so the Morris-Oxford was born. Before the first car had been completed, he showed the blue-prints of it to Mr. Gordon Stewart (now of Stewart and Ardern), and, to his incredulous delight, received an order for 400 cars.

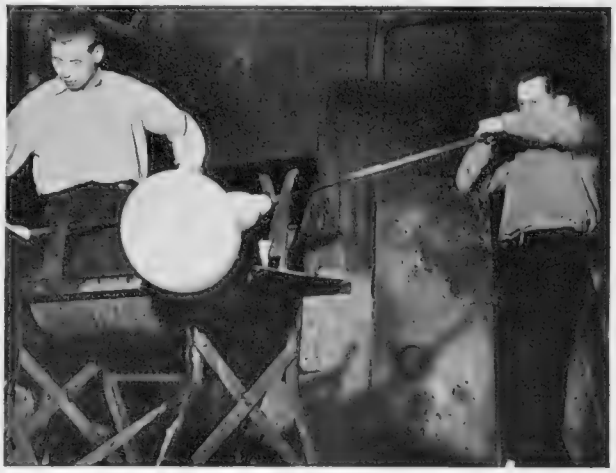
Success now seemed assured, but then came the war, and so all his plans for motor-car production had to be postponed, and the full resources of the small factory he then owned were turned over to armaments. He and a colleague of his designed the North Sea mine-fields, and when he promised Whitehall 250 mine-sinkers per week, they jeered at him. Nevertheless, he was soon producing 1700 per week, and W. R. Morris was experiencing his first taste of the organisation of mass-production.

After the war he forged ahead with his plans for making cars, but was badly "caught" by the post-war slump, and faced with ruin. Yet just before the 1921 Motor Show opened, he dramatically reduced the prices of all his cars by approximately £100. This sensational stroke proved the turning-point in his career. Nine months later he was producing more cars than anyone else in the British Isles, and making a small profit.

The more recent history of his enterprises is common knowledge. In October, 1938, Morris distributors and dealers contracted to take more than 100,000 cars and chassis, representing a total value of some £14,000,000. In March of this year alone, no fewer than 12,349 models left the factory. But of all the proud announcements made at this luncheon, none more obviously pleased our host than his simple but eloquent statement: "During my career, I am glad to say, very few of my people have ever felt it necessary to leave me."

The millionth car, whose production we had assembled to celebrate, is a Series III. o.h.v. 14-h.p. six-cylinder saloon, and it was presented by Viscount Nuffield to Captain Eric Waley, representing Guy's Hospital, of whose Appeals Committee he is the chairman. The Hospital intends to run a competition in connection with the car, and it is announced that any money received in excess of last year's income, up to £10,000, will be doubled by King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.

Whit-Monday Winner. *K. D. Evans, here in the cockpit of his Alfa-Romeo, won the third road handicap at the Brooklands Whit-Monday motor racing meeting*



John the Glassblower *negotiates a 24-lb. blob of molten glass at the end of his 4½-ft. tube—a scene in the Walthamstow glass-blowing factory where, among other things, the Esso petrol pump globe first takes shape. John has had to alter technique to blow the new type of oval Esso globe now in use*

Fastest Walkers. 2 *mile Walk :* 13 *mins.* 11.4 *secs.*
Established 1904. 5 *mile Walk :* 35 *mins.* 47.2 *secs.*
Established 1932. *Both held by Great Britain.*

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BP ETHYL

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and the ISLE OF WALCHEREN

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VIA HARWICH

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in the Black Forest

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Magnificent motor roads and highways ● International Contemporary-Music-Festivals ● International Horse-Races (last week in August) as part of the Grand Week with its international tennis- golf- dance- and bridge-tournaments

* 18 hole golf-Course, miniature golf links, swimming pool, riding, hunting, walking (conducted tours)

Casino: Roulette-Baccara-Klondyke

For information apply to Bäder- und Kurverwaltung, Baden-Baden, Augustaplatz 1. or the German Railways Information Office London SW 1 Regent Street, and all important Travel Agencies

The Royal Navy of the Air

By Charles Ward

Aerodromes Become Ships

BY virtue of the Naval Discipline Act, all personnel have to be on the books of one of His Majesty's ships, and the Admiralty having taken over administrative control of the Fleet Air Arm, several well-known aerodromes have gone afloat. Worthy Down, Donibristle, and Ford become H.M.'s ships "Kestrel," "Merlin," and "Peregrine," each of which is also the type-name of a Rolls-Royce engine. A rumour that the F.A.A. has been converted to liquid-cooling should be treated with some reserve. Research and development of aircraft and engines will remain under the control of Air Ministry and the manufacturers. The Rear Admiral appointed to command Naval Air Stations has hoisted his flag at Lee-on-Solent—H.M.S. "Dædalus." He is Rear-Admiral Bell Davies, V.C., D.S.O., A.F.C., Royal Aero Club certificate number 90, one of the few survivors of nineteen who were awarded the Victoria Cross whilst flying during the European War. His award dates back to November 19th, 1915, and the notice in the *London Gazette* gave the following account of the exploit—

An Air Rescue Under Fire

"ON the 19th November, Squadron Commander Bell Davies, flying a single-seater Nieuport, and Flt. Sub-Lieut. G. F. Smylie, flying a Henri Farman, carried out a bombing attack on a junction of the Salonika-Constantinople railway. Flt. Sub-Lieut. Smylie's machine was received by very heavy fire and brought down. The pilot glided over the junction, releasing all his bombs except one, which failed to drop. Thence he continued his descent into a marsh. On alighting he saw the one unexploded bomb, and set fire to his machine, knowing that the bomb would ensure its destruction. He then proceeded towards Turkish territory. At this moment he perceived Squadron Commander Bell Davies descending, and fearing that he would come down near the burning machine and thus risk destruction from the bomb, Flt. Sub-Lieut. Smylie ran back, and from a short distance exploded the bomb by means of a pistol bullet. Squadron Commander Bell Davies descended at a safe distance from the burning machine and took up Sub.-Lieut. Smylie in his single-seater, in spite of the near approach of a party of the enemy. He returned to the aerodrome, a feat of airmanship that can seldom have been equalled for skill and gallantry."

A striking snapshot of the Miles "Master," which is the world's fastest trainer. Built by Phillips and Powis at Reading and with an engine by Rolls-Royce, it has a top speed of 270 miles an hour

An Imperial Move

THE new London air terminus of Imperial Airways, in Buckingham Palace Road, adjoining Victoria railway station, was opened for passengers on Monday last. From that date, all the Company's services, European and Empire, are to be operated from the new premises. Empire passengers will leave for Southampton by special train from the Company's private station at the rear of the building, and incoming

(Concluded on page viii)

"It's fine here! We get a Sunday dinner every day!"

So declared a cheery youngster after 3 weeks residence at a Barnardo Ever-Open Door.

To children of privation and neglect, perhaps the plain, wholesome meals provided in Dr. Barnardo's Homes do seem "fine." 25,000 meals must be provided daily for their family of 8250 boys and girls. *Will you lend a hand?*

10/- feeds one child for a fortnight.

Cheques, etc. (crossed) should be made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and sent to 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Larola is the one indispensable toilet aid for the woman who values a flawless, velvety skin. Now is the time when care of the face, hands and arms is particularly necessary. Leave it to Larola to coax away redness and roughness and to build up a protective layer of surpassing softness and smoothness to protect the hands, arms and complexion against the ravages of sun and wind. Larola, the indispensable aid to a beautiful complexion, is absolutely pure and free from all pore-clogging ingredients. Use it regularly.

Write for free Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."

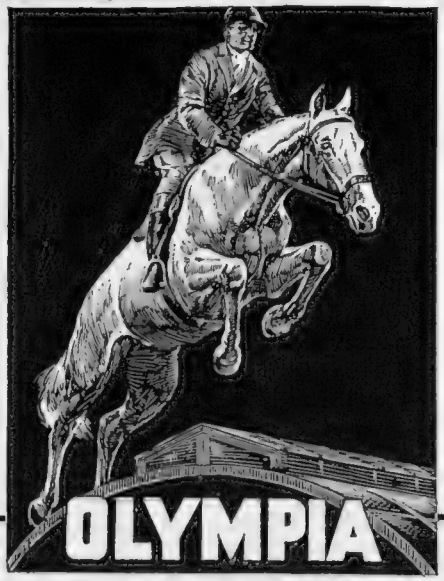
1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

Larola

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 tablets 2/-; Single tablets 8d.



INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

June 15th to June 24th, 1939. Daily 2·15 and 8 p.m.

SPECIAL DISPLAYS

Piccadilly Circus 50 Years Ago
Display in Costume by the British Riding Club
Jumping Competitions · Indoor Polo
(Afternoons, Ladies' Matches : Evenings, Gentlemen's Matches)

SPECIAL GALA AFTERNOONS

Tuesday, June 20th - The King George V. Gold Challenge Cup
Wednesday, June 21st - The Edward Prince of Wales Cup
(Jumping Competitions)

Seats 2/6 (unreserved); 4/- to 21/-

Box Office: Until June 12, 66 Sloane St., S.W.1 'Phone: Sloane 9144
Box Office: From June 12, OLYMPIA, W. Kensington. 'Phone Fulham 9001

JOIN THE MEMBERS' CLUB - *Subscription 3 guineas*
Privileges include free seat at all performances

Stephens

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Irish Ten Years Old Whisky of Uniform Quality at Home and Abroad. Bottled only by the distillers.

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a Sporting Friend

For a sportsman who appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and it is easy to select a delightful and inexpensive gift for a sporting friend.

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For a friendly welcome wherever you go
For scenery that you simply can't write home about
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Where so much costs so little

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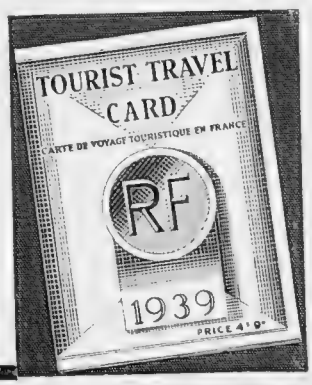

CVS—51

The Royal Navy of the Air

(*Continued from page vi*)

Empire passengers will be brought direct to this private station after alighting at the air base at Southampton. Passengers travelling on the European air routes will be transported to and from Croydon in motor-coaches operating into and out of a special coach-station on another part of the terminal premises. The latest air-ferry is across the Atlantic. Pan-American Airways have had the honour of establishing the first of the regular services. The "Yankee Clipper's" first departure was scheduled for Aviation Day, which coincided with Empire Air Day, and was celebrated to mark the anniversary of Lindbergh's solo flight to Paris. The flying-boat carried nearly 200,000 pieces of mail, and there were fourteen people on board, including two stewards. The Americans hope to complete five return flights by the end of this month, after which the company will be licensed to carry passengers. There is a waiting list of several hundred for the privilege of flying the Atlantic this year. Our own services, which are to be complementary to those of the Americans, are due to commence next month. There has been some unavoidable delay between Short Brothers' delivery to Martlesham, and Imperial Airways' refuelling test flights.

Atlantic Letters

THE Postmaster-General offers air-mail facilities to the States, Canada, Newfoundland and the Azores, via Marseilles, for transmission by the American service Postage rates are 1/3 per half ounce—post. cards, 7d.—for the first three named, with 6d. and 3d. respectively for the Azores. Blue Air Mail labels are required, as well as a superscription, "North Atlantic Air Service." Latest times for posting are announced in the P.O. Daily List.

Officers of the Royal Australian Air Force, photographed at Northolt. Group-Captain F. H. McNamara, V.C. (left), who is Air Liaison Officer in London for the Commonwealth, with Air Vice-Marshal R. Williams, C.B., D.S.O., head of the R.A.A.F.

Correspondence for places beyond New York and in Canada will be forwarded by air without additional charge. The Canadian trans-continental air mail is now working in parallel with others across the border, the Atlantic and Pacific coasts being in daily touch. The visit of the King and Queen has stimulated all progressive movements in Canada, and the day for the first British air line round the world draws near. From British Columbia our flying-boats will cross the Pacific to Hong Kong, Shanghai, Singapore and Australasia. The scheme needs time, both for political agreements and the delivery of aircraft, but given peace in Europe, it will be put into practice by 1942.

The R.A.F. Garden Party

A ROYAL AIR FORCE Garden Party will be held on Saturday, June 24th, at Trent Park, which has again been lent by Sir Philip Sassoon. It will provide an opportunity, particularly for those home from overseas, for a general meeting of officers and their families, which formerly was afforded by the Hendon Display. All officers, past and present, of the R.A.F., the Auxiliary Air Force, the Royal Air Force Reserves and Women's Royal Air Force are invited; also their wives, with sons and daughters over sixteen years of age. Guest tickets are now available at 5/-, or at 7/6 after June 17th.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JUNE

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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Please enter a subscription for The BYSTANDER *for* ☐ *Twelve months* ☐ *Six months* ☐ *Three months for which I enclose cheque/postal order.*

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Shall we see you at the RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW?

JUNE 8 · 9 · 10

Admittance: 1/6 (June 8); 2/- (June 9); 2/6 (June 10).

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New! Direct DAYLIGHT Service to

BRITTANY

every THURSDAY and SATURDAY (July 22—September 2) between SOUTHAMPTON and ST. MALO.

London (Waterloo) dep.	8.15 a.m.
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Daylight Services in return direction, Sunday, July 16, and every Friday and Sunday (July 23—September 3).

These New Services are entirely additional and the augmented Night Services, June to September, will run as last year.

Ask for Special Folder, giving details of Daylight Services, from Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, or any Office or Travel Agency of the

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Stay at . . .
"JENNETTS"
FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

or week-end. Five minutes from Walton Heath Course. Charmingly situated. Every comfort and refinement.

Jennetts, Tadworth Surrey. *'Phone: Burgh Heath* 3201

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Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help! Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by

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THE SALVATION ARMY

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Charming Linen Suit for country or by the sea . . . crisp, crease-resisting, slickly tailored. High revers, short turn-back sleeves, deep pleated skirt. In Forget-me-not, Navy, Trout Green, or White. Hips 37, 39, 41, 42. From the Sportswear Salon. 4½ Gns.

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Gay Swimmers

in Satin Lastex Yarn

NEW AMERICAN DESIGNS

Particularly comfortable and easy to wear, this is a half-skirt design. In bold design of navy or emerald on white ground. Sizes up to 38. **32/6**

Perfectly fitting, the bodice well shaped, flared skirt and trunks attached at waist. In cherry or royal design on white ground Sizes up to 38. **45/9**

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Beachwear Catalogue sent on request.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

James — Glyn

John W. H. James, R.H.A., son of Lt.-Col. E. H. S. James and Mrs. Lafone, of 144, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, and Joanna Mary Glyn, elder daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Glyn, of Gaunt's House, Wimborne, Dorset, were married at Wimborne Minster

Merivale — Cazabon

Stephen Charles Merivale and Norah Mary Cazabon were married at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Merivale, of Middleton Hall, Leeds, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cazabon, of 32, Aberdeen Place, N.W.

Fayer

Betty Maudslay

Beatrice Esmé (Betty) Maudslay, daughter of Mr. Henry Herbert Maudslay and Mrs. Maudslay, of 18, Hays Mews, W.1, is engaged to Hugh Bloomfield Gough, son of the late Capt. Wilfred Gough, Welsh Gds., of Llangynog, Oswestry

Moseley — Rolt

Michael Moseley, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Moseley, of Agden Hall, Lymm, Lancs., and Sybil Mary Rolt, youngest daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. S. P. Rolt and Mrs. Rylance Rolt, of Maes Elwy, St. Asaph, North Wales, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Hughes — Trotter

Charles Michael Hughes and Marcia Trotter were married in the Temple Church. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hughes, of Kingsbury Croft, Marlborough, Wilts. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Trotter, of 2, Culford Gardens, S.W.

Fayer

Grania Bryde Curran

Is the daughter of the late Capt. W. H. Curran and Mrs. Curran, of 7, Westbourne Terrace, W.2; she is to marry at St. George's, Hanover Sq., on July 11th Robert Lifford Valentine ffrench Blake, 17th/21st Lancers, son of the late Maj. St. J. L. A. O'B. ffrench Blake, and Mrs. Wilson, of Burner's Cottage, Stoke Poges

Madden — Whitaker

Charles Samuel Madden, 60th Rifles, son of the late Lt.-Col. J. C. W. Madden, of Hilton Park, Clones, Ireland, and Mrs. Madden, of the Old Rectory, Staunton-on-Wye, and Rachel Whitaker, daughter of the late Major A. M. Whitaker and Mrs. Whitaker, of Manfield Grange, Darlington, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Rankin — Haggie

Capt. W. Rankin, 15th-19th King's Royal Hussars, son of Brig.-Gen. Charles Rankin, of 11, Connaught Place, W.2, and the late Mrs. Rankin, and Pauline Sinclair Haggie, daughter of the late O. S. Haggie and the late Mrs. G. M. Knight, of the Glebe House, Stanway, Glos., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Pearl Freeman

Ruth Helen Woodbridge

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Woodbridge, of Northcroft, Uxbridge; she is to marry George Denis Cunningham, only son of Sir George Miller Cunningham, of Leithen Lodge, Innerleithen

Bassano

Valerie Diana Reed

Valerie Reed is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Reed, of Rossclere, Minehead, Somerset. She is engaged to Kenneth Charlton Weedy, of Woodhouse Farm, Ilton, Somerset, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Weedy, late of Chard, Somerset

Monica Wilson is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of Drax House, Orcheston, Wilts., and is engaged to Denis Lacy-Hulbert, youngest son of the late C. E. Lacy-Hulbert and Mrs. Lacy-Hulbert, of Halfway Lodge, Esher

Vandyk

Monica Baie Wilson

Peter North

Diana Polly Patterson

Is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. F. C. Patterson, of Spital House, Blyth, Notts. She has announced her engagement to Lieut. Geoffrey H. Carew Hunt, R.N., elder son of Capt. and Mrs. R. C. S. Hunt, of Riding Mill, Northumberland

(Concluded on page D)

Kay Vaughan

Priscilla Adams

Priscilla Adams, daughter of Com. and Mrs. J. B. Adams, of Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, is engaged to John Delano-Osborne, the Royal Scots Fus., son of Major-Gen. O. H. Delano-Osborne, of the Old Palace, Bekesbourne, Kent, and the late Mrs. Delano-Osborne

Elizabeth Knight, daughter of the late Col. L. C. E. Knight, and Mrs. Knight, of Crocks, Bentley, Hants., is to marry in July Ian Charles Stuart Rose, King's Shropshire L.I., only son of the late Dr. J. S. Rose, of Penang, and Mrs. Rose, of Edinburgh

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Margaret Knight

Scientifically
PLANNED LUGGAGE

by REVELATION

This figure is on all GENUINE Revelation Luggage

REV-ROBE — Revelation's packing discovery — works on a completely new principle . . . you don't really pack it at all!

8 to 12 Dresses (in men's models 3 to 5 Suits) are hung, on their hangers, straight from the wardrobe into the Rev-Robe, then folded automatically into creaseless compactness—ALL IN THREE MINUTES!

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The Travel Wardrobe hardly larger than a hatbox

for LADIES

MODELS FOR 12 DRESSES

Vulcanised Fibre ... 63/-; Cowhide £6.15.0
Fabric, leather bound 75/-; Rawhide £8.5.0

MODELS FOR 8 DRESSES

with compartments for
6 PAIRS SHOES, JUMPERS, UNDIES, ETC.
from 75/-

for MEN

ALL MODELS HOLD 3 to 5 SUITS,
and have compartments in lid for
SHOES, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, Etc.

With fittings for 3 suits—in Vulcanised Fibre 70/- & 87/6; Cowhide 5 gns. & 6 gns.; Rawhide 7 gns.
With fittings for 5 suits 5/- extra.

AT ALL STORES & LUGGAGE DEALERS & Revelation Suitcase Co., Ltd., 170 Piccadilly, W.1
(Agents for Revelation Supplies, Ltd.)

She will welcome a gift of

BOOK TOKENS

More of life's minor tragedies are committed in the name of wedding gifts than any other. To be given fourteen salt-cellars, six rose-bowls, and a dozen toast-racks, when what you really want are pictures, antique furniture, and books, is almost enough to spoil the wedding!

Books are always a welcome gift, a necessity in every home, but too often neglected by the donor of wedding presents. If there is any doubt as to what to choose, give BOOK TOKENS and let the "newly-marrieds" make their own leisurely choice at their own bookshop after the wedding. Book Tokens can be bought at most bookshops for a few shillings up to one guinea or multiples of a guinea.

NOTE TO BRIDES-TO-BE. Add Book Tokens to that list of "presents that you'd love to have."

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Bell Howell 8 mm. Cine

FILMO 8 CAMERA

Once a holiday always a holiday if you capture its thrills with one of these Bell & Howell cine cameras. There's nothing like a "movie" for retaining all the fascinating details of a cruise, a splash at Cannes, the thrills of negotiating the Stelvio Pass, and the sights! . . . . The architecture of Bologna, the gay markets of sunny Algiers (and you can take it in colour), white sails of Cowes and Capri. It is worth while investing in a Bell-Howell cine (made by the world's leading producers of professional equipment). You can then be sure that these gay scenes will retain all their original brilliance. Filmo Turret 8 (illustrated) offers cinematography at its most versatile, having accommodation for three different lenses and many other refinements. Other 8's with varying specifications all conforming to traditional Bell & Howell excellence available from **£17 5 0.**

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13-14, GREAT CASTLE STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

Getting Married *(Continued from page C)*

Fayer

Elizabeth Mary Ayre

Is the only daughter of Sir Amos and Lady Ayre, of Chinnery Way, Woldingham, Surrey, and is engaged to John Lisle Hindmarsh, only son of the late James Hindmarsh and Mrs. Hindmarsh, of Brendon, Heath Park Avenue, Cardiff. Her father is the well-known expert on shipbuilding

Leila Sybil Paxton

Has announced her engagement to Bernard Bingfield, of Doom-Dooma, Upper Assam, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Binfield, of Kerringham Hall, Norfolk. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Paxton, of Calcutta, late of Macclesfield, Cheshire

Rollo, Lahore

Daphne Ellcome

An engagement announced from India is that of Daphne Ellcome, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. E. Ellcome, to Robert de la Hogue Moran, Duke of Wellington's Regt., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Moran, of Blemur, Church Circle, Farnborough

Pearl Freeman

Betty Blake

Is engaged to James Rawlinson Wemyss, Frontier Force Rifles, son of the late Vice-Admiral E. W. E. Wemyss and Mrs. Wemyss, of Knowles Tooth, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Blake, of the Red House, Betchworth, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Susan Sperling

Is engaged to Lieut. William James Munn, R.N., younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. G. Munn, of Turley Cottage, East Grinstead, Sussex. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Sperling, of Teviot Bank, Hawick, Roxburghshire

Kay Vaughan

Hazell Charlotte Woods

Is engaged to Robert Douglas Darley, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. R. B. Darley, of Sharrow Hurst, Sheffield. She is the adopted daughter of the late Colonel R. T. Woods, of Whitestown House, Balbriggan, Ireland, and Mrs. Woods, of 50, Sloane St., S.W.1

SCOTLAND-

Calling all Sportsmen

The Goddess of all sportsmen was at Nature's elbow when lovely Scotland was fashioned.

That's why golfers have found that Scotland means a holiday on springier turf—why anglers' tales of Scottish fishing are listened to with awe and envy. That's why hikers find in Scotland a holiday of rare enchantment—why climbers beholding the glorious panorama of velvety mountains and shining lochs from atop a mighty Scottish crag, are thrilled as never before. That's why those who are happiest with gun under arm stride through the crisp Scottish heather with greater eagerness.

Use a Cheap Monthly Return Ticket to visit Scotland. You have the choice of travelling back by East Coast, West Coast or Midland Routes with break of journey at any station. In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 8/- and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies "Scotland for the Holidays," "Land of Scott and Burns," "Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond," "Through the Trossachs."

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 7—June 13

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer with a lively performance proves that an actress can rise superior to a poor play; Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts support her: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood; cheap seats: Whitehall. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GAS LIGHT.—Patrick Hamilton's thriller with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Milton Rosmer has a short cheap-seats run: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's political harlequinade is topical and stimulatingly Shavian. Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—First of the Regent's Park season stars Cathleen Nesbitt, D. A. Clarke-Smith, and a pavane by Wendy Toye: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall McGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

PROFESSOR SCHELLING.—Maurice Schwartz and his Yiddish Art Theatre company in the second of their short repertory (in Yiddish): Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly pre-matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, sometimes touching, sometimes naïve picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THIRD PARTY RISK.—A good thriller with a new idea in body-line; Nora Swinburne, John Wyse: St. Martin's, 8.30 Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs. 2.30

UNEASY LIVING.—A bright new comedy by Florence Kilpatrick, with Iris Hoey, Arthur Hardy, Jack Allen: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality; cheap seats: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric. 8.30. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

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With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 121.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Bridge Head"

This smallholder v. land commissioner scene between Charles Victor and Wilfrid Lawson is part of the excellent Irish tragi-comedy at the Westminster

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

TO KILL A CAT.—Retitled *Independence* from the Embassy comes West, with Clifford Mollison, Margaretta Scott, Enid Stamp-Taylor: Aldwych, to-night, 7th.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—An episode of Russian history; Judy Kelly as Catherine the Great, Reginald Tate as Orloff: St. Martin's, Thurs., 8th.

RUTH DRAPER.—The American diseuse opens a programme including a number of new sketches: Vaudeville, Mon., 12th.

PYGMALION.—Margaret Rawlings as Eliza and Basil Sydney as Higgins in this Shaw revival: Haymarket, Tues., 13th.

CINEMAS

CARREFOUR (French).—Charles Vanel and Suzy Prim in a complicated tale of a court action, a lost memory and blackmail: Curzon.

DARK VICTORY (American).—Bette Davis makes a tour de force as a socialite girl who meets disaster courageously: Warner.

DOUBLE CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE (French).—Anglicised version of the military thriller: London Pavilion.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

HOTEL DU NORD (French).—A realist film of life in the Paris slums with a romanticised ending; Annabella, Louis Jouvet, Arletty: Paris.

JAMAICA INN (British).—This new film from Daphne du Maurier is a tough, rough period piece about wreckers; Laughton heads a strong cast: Regal. (Last days.)

J'ETAIS UNE AVENTURIÈRE (French).—Edwige Feuillère gets into a lot of scrapes, finishes in Jean Murat's arms Academy.

LOUISE (French).—Carpentier's opera makes a film for Grace Moore: Carlton.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer's charming, restrained interpretation of a course of true love: Marble Arch Pavilion.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (American).—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire re-play in a romanticised form the career of the pre-war dance pair: New Gallery.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

UNION PACIFIC (American).—Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck in a good railway epic: Plaza.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this good film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont

Premiere

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (British).—Robert Donat and Greer Garson are Mr. and Mrs. Chips in the film of James Hilton's novel: Empire, Thursday, 8th.

OPERA and BALLET

INTERNATIONAL OPERA.—The season under Sir Thomas Beecham's direction this week includes two of Wagner's *Ring* cycle (*Die Walküre*, Friday, 9th, 5.45; *Siegfried*, Monday, 12th, 5.30).

D'OYLY CARTE AT SADLER'S WELLS:

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.—To-night, 7th, 8.
RUDDIGORE.—Thursday, 8th, 8.
TRIAL BY JURY and THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.—Friday, 9th, 8.
IOLANTHE.—Sat., 10th, 2.30 and 8.
YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.—Mon., 12th, 8.
PATIENCE.—Tues., 13th, 8.

GLYNDEBOURNE:

MACBETH.—To-night, 7th, 6.45.
DON GIOVANNI.—Thurs., 8th, 5.15.
FIGARO.—Fri., 9th, 6.45.
MACBETH.—Sat., 10th, 6.15.
DON GIOVANNI.—Sun., 11th, 5.30.
MACBETH.—Tues., 13th, 6.45.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The repertoire includes two new ballets, *Chronica* and *A Spring Tale*: Old Vic, 8.30 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHOWS and SPORT

In and Out of Town

A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—White City, to-day and to-morrow, 7th and 8th.
THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.—Begins to-day, 7th, at Aldershot.
TROOPING THE COLOUR.—Horse Guards' Parade, Thurs., 8th.
ROYAL HORSE SHOW.—Richmond, Thurs., 8th—Sat., 10th.
T.T. ROAD RACES.—Isle of Man, Mon., 12th.
ROYAL ASCOT WEEK.—Begins Tues., 13th.

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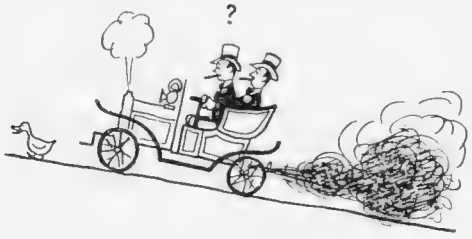
The Dorchester

As an indication, possibly, of its pre-eminence in smartness, count the black ties at the Dorchester at after-theatre time. Some, of course. But the proportion 's small, considering it 's getting warm, and people are less strict about tails nowadays, in any case. I know of no other place in London where, other things equal, the preponderance of white ties over black is so marked. The ladies react similarly. Yes, the Dorchester 's smart.

Their " Floor Show," a Sherek production, continues to entertain vastly. Naunton Wayne (did you hear about him and Maurice Winnick going to the Derby in Winnick's car ? Or Wayne's silly, absent-minded wife ?) tells the loveliest stories, some a bit bedtime, and all highly appreciated. I 'll give you three guesses on whom I think to be the best compère in London ; or the world, if you like. Kay Kimber sings, about little boys, little old grannies and unhappy love. Helen Bennett, swan-necked, oval-eyed, ravishingly beautiful, feeding gags to Wayne, and putting some pickles in here and there. Brantley and Linda, dancing stars with a glitter. And the girls, the Stars of To-morrow, as French dolls, West Indian hot mommas, and houris only just covered by the shade of the old apple-tree. Oh, the mixture 's as before, and you wouldn't want it otherwise, would you ? Sherek was there the night I was, with Luise Rainer after the first night of the new Rainer show.

Yes, the Dorchester is for smart people.



Naunton Wayne and Maurice Winnick at the (Dorchester) Races

The May Fair

THE news of the week, the month, and possibly of the season is that Ferraro is at the May Fair now, in charge of the cuisine, of your comfort and a restaurant that in lay-out and decoration and charm has always been in the top flight. Ferraro is at the May Fair, and debutantes, gourmets, Americans—all his friends, in fact—should make a note on't, as Captain Cuttle would say. That great, extensive and supremely comfortable lounge that abuts the restaurant still has its huge chairs, and still is apt to make you forget that you should be moving in to feed very soon. Most bars, lounges and foyers have no atmosphere of permanence. This one encourages you to wait an extra half-hour for that friend who has got the date wrong.

Then into the restaurant itself, with the pale, peach-coloured mirror panels, that make the young look glamorous and the old young. That brings a tan to pale faces, and a glow to your girl's best frock. And there Ferraro will meet you and show you his salmon-trout, his lobsters, his braised ham, his strawberries, and all the dishes of the day. He will take your order, relay it in rapid French to a servitor, and remember what you 're having for the rest of the meal. He will recommend the May Fair sherry, which you cannot get outside the May Fair group. He will choose you a wine, if you ask him, and you will probably be happily surprised after drinking it, to find on the bill that it was not one of those towards the end of the list and in the high-price ranges. Such details go to making up true magnificence.

In the evening, dancing to Henry Hall's Music Makers. No cabaret, but you must dress. Extension Friday, and, believe it or not, only 8s. 6d. for supper and dancing. I always said the May Fair was worth knowing of.

Ferraro makes his bow at the May Fair

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The New San Marco

Quiet dancing at the San Marco

No, it is not every day that you want to see a big cabaret after just coming out of a big theatre. When you want just to dance, or even just to sit over a good wine, a good supper and a good companion, go to the New San Marco. It is the same place as the old San Marco, and much like it in equipment. But there seems to be more room. The band is not so pervasive as it was in those days, and the lighting is not at all so glittering as it used to be.

When I last went, I had come half an hour before from the new Boyer-Irene Dunne film, *Love Affair*. And I felt that this was the sort of place they would have come to themselves, to talk and avoid being looked at. To dance a measure if they felt like it, and to know that there would be room on the floor for them to dance perfectly. To have a meal chosen for them in their lazy mood by Peter, who is in command here. Perhaps to drink pink champagne. They would not have noticed by the end that the place had filled up, with others doing just as they were. Being entertaining to themselves, and asking nothing from spot-lit artists introduced by the roll of drums.

Lunch at the San Marco and do yourself well. Dine, and it is the same story. Better change in the evenings for dancing, but you needn't. It is a cool place, for cool thoughts and leisure. For those most of its clientele have singled it out already. But more and more others are coming in, and returning, for meals to test the cuisine and cellars. Celebrations or engagements, or somebody's birthday party. And in either way, the San Marco does them proud. Just round, off Piccadilly, behind Rootes.

London Casino

Heat-wave pleasures at the London Casino

Once again I leave the London Casino, determined to lay a lot of questions that bother me. It is, I 'll say now, a magnificent show, this *Revue du Bal Tabarin*, and the Casino staff looks after you magnificently. But here are some questions. How on earth can they keep it a going concern, let alone successful, charging the prices they do? Dinner, with dancing and revue, is 15/6; supper, with dancing and revue, 10/6. They have a whole, full-size theatre on their hands. They have a show of fabulous brilliance, length and variety of stars from every corner of the earth. They have Jack Harris playing for dancing. They have fine food, and a flock of waiters who are unobtrusively and quickly at your command at a raised eyebrow. How, with those overheads, can they make ends meet, charging as little as they do for you and me?

How do they get away with the widespread nudity of their shows? Personally, I don't mind how much they give us; but I would have thought that if such displays had been legitimate (and they clearly are), someone would have presented them before, and even now someone else would be doing something about them. But, no. What 's the answer? I don't know; but I 'd like to make it clear here that this new revue is the most wholeheartedly undressed show I 've seen in London.

I won't go through the names or numbers. Steve Geray is compère, and, fully clothed, has a fine act burlesquing one or two dictators. The stage show lasts for an hour, and there is dancing afterwards and before. Very nice people use the Casino as a family gathering-place on birthday evenings and such. Go.

Maison Basque

Under the heading of Carte des Gourmets, the right-hand page of the Maison Basque menu starts with Œufs de Pluvier, and ends with Essence de Café Malabar. Between those two (and I can imagine a time when that might be my whole, excellent, lunch) come about a hundred and fifty great dishes, greatly named. If you knew this restaurant ten years ago, you will be pleasantly surprised to see the prices of to-day. Oh no, La Maison Basque isn't cheap. It 's still a connoisseur's listing. But it is at least reasonable for the lovely cooking and viands that you get. But then, the old Maison Basque was a fabulous place, as much for its excellence as its prices. The present-day one prefers not to be fabulous in prices. That 's all.

Chef-Patron Bagole is master of ceremonies, ably assisted by the suave and knowledgeable Bassi (whom you may remember at Prunier's a short time back). The tables are placed comfortably in the nooks and crannies that go to make the Basque's a unique bit of architecture for London. You 'll find the same sort of thing in the big restaurants in the great wine districts of France—here and there ; and then you remember them, and go back to them during your next holiday. Along the walls of the room is a row of famous bottles, recalling famous parties, and most of them signed on the labels by famous names. The chairs are " cottage " shaped, and the crockery (which sounds the wrong word. What 's the right one for cups, ashtrays, jugs and so on ?) is to match. I can't go through the list of possible dishes. I 'd advise you, on your first visit, to let Bagole or Bassi choose your meal for you, and afterwards (there will be many afterwards) make your own variations.

Wives running up bills at Bon Viveur

Le Bon Viveur

I DON'T want to suggest that Davico won't be very glad to see you any time you go for a meal at the Bon Viveur ; but I think, for your own benefit, and for his, that you should ring up and book a table. Lunch and dinner these days the Bon Viveur is packing in its patrons and members, and it is a bit hard on all concerned if you come in a hurry and without warning during the busy hours, and have not the leisure to spend twenty minutes in the little Rabbit Bar over cocktails. Even that is full most of the time. All of which speaks highly, if that were necessary, for Davico's running of his little Mayfair club. Here come the blessed for excellent food, fine wines and cool comfort in surroundings that do their best to remind them of sun-drenched Riviera shores. Here come the wives of the members, and their lady friends, and, Davico willing, run up bills that husbands pay later. Here come large parties (who have booked, please) and revel in state in that little room ; and twosome dancers and diners in the evenings, to circle on that minute floor, to the music of that minute band up in the rafters.

It remains a mystery to me how they manage to have the stores for that enormous menu in such a small space. But the fact remains that you can get anything, practically, that the biggest restaurants in the biggest hotels would be able to offer. And though the prices will be less, the skill with which it is prepared and delivered, will be as great or greater.

Find a member. Have him take you there, and then if you decide I have misrepresented the facts, let me know. I haven't.

La Coquille

IT is now, apparently, a work of supererogation to recommend the food, comforts and atmospheric delights of M. Pagés' three-floor restaurant in St. Martin's Lane. He is daily putting up records in numbers of lunchers and diners. And even the supper after the theatre, which must to some extent rely on the popularity of the plays on in the immediate vicinity, is becoming a pretty populous affair. Here is the deserved result of pleasant prices, excellent food, service that is a masterful outcome of team-work from Pagés downward, and wines that do not assume that you are a connoisseur, nor that you are a beer-drinker at heart. The name of the restaurant gives you some indication of the sort of foods that are most in demand. But they have others, and your chicken, your vegetables, your salads and your pancakes are as good as the lobsters, oysters in season, and the coquilles themselves.

This time I want to tell you about the wines. Pagés has recently had a new lot in. Of various sorts, but mostly of the light regional variety. You 'll notice at lunch and dinner how practically every table has a carafe of this or that wine from the short list of specials on the left side of the menu. That list, which was catholic enough when it contained perhaps five, is now having a Muscadet added to it. And one or two others. The Muscadet is what I am going for, as soon as Pagés tells me that it has settled down and is ready to serve. Which ought to be by the time you read this. I have memories of Muscadet, evocative of so many French occasions ; a wine, I found, that was as glorious after a morning bathe as with a memorable lunch or dinner. A giggly, talkative wine, cheap and such as my heart loveth. The sort of wine one goes to La Coquille to find. Do you ?

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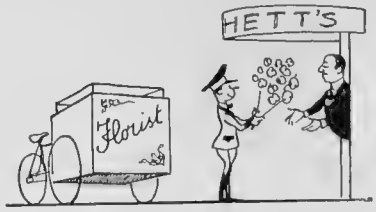

More flowers for Hatchett's

SORRY to keep drawing your attention to the flowers in the new Hatchett's scheme of things. But, without pointing at celebrities and mentioning names of people who come in to get out of all that, I can't think of any sign of the times so signiffcant. I wonder if as many of my readers remember the Hatchett's of ten years ago as I think. It is to them particularly, and to the other boringly perhaps, that I mention the flowers, the pretty girls, the light dishes and the little as well as great wines. Therefore, this month, the picture. Boscasso, I have always thought, surpasses himself on summer foods. Watch his menu change with the seasons. Go and give it your close consideration and co-operation one day now, and see if he hasn't done some fine thinking. Take your best girl, and see if she doesn't agree from her side. Sit, if you will, on one of the new sofa seats round the walls, and you 'll approve of them too. Look at the flowers, drink the wines and the atmosphere, and, thank heaven (but not fasting !) for a good restaurant, well run, not too expensive, never too full, and never too empty.

London just now is pretty full of returned Empire-builders ; the Carruthers and Stevensons in their grey flannel suits and suède shoes are home on leave, to take in Ascot and Lord's and a London season. At Hatchett's all-male bar down the Piccadilly stairs they are meeting and laying the bases of their expeditions. "Good lord ! I didn't know you were back ! How long have you got ?" This is a corner of the British Raj that is quite unique.

Kempinski's

ALTHOUGH on occasions you will want to go into Kempinski's with time on your hands and money in your purse for a meal whose memory will linger, sometimes before a theatre, say, or after, you may want just dinner or supper ; and an extensive list of superb possibilities will be a source of distraction in ordering, and perhaps mild envy when you see that what you ordered for yourself doesn't look as good as what your partner ordered for herself. It is an old problem, and Kempinski's have solved it, as it should be solved, by putting up a special dinner and supper at 5/6, which, you 'll agree, for four Kempinski courses, with one or two choices, is good value.

The whole menu has, as a matter of fact, been rearranged recently. Over the years, Gerhardt K. has come to realise that the specialities of the house have been rather more in demand than the national specialities of the European countries whose cooking they have always done, and can still do, with an exactitude that is neither slavish imitation nor parody. It is the real thing. But those other House Specials have been winning in popularity and demand. That mixed grill, the filet mignon, the stewed eel, with fines herbes sauce and cucumber salad, the saddle of venison flambé at your table in brandy, the cold fillet of sole with crab and special sauce garnishing, and the apple pancake, flambée with Kirsch.

There are others, but those are the historic ones, and those you can get if you ask for them. And when you get them, you will know that you are getting something that belongs to the House of Kempinski in London, and you are eating the archetype, imitations of which you might get elsewhere, but not so good, not so cheap.

The New Queen's

IN the dust, heat and tar-smells of summer London, it is a joy to find a cool, downstairs haven where long drinks come in cold stone tankards, where music plays softly and food is as carefully prepared if it is a lettuce as if it is a steak and chips. The New Queen's Bierkeller is on the Empire side of Leicester Square, next door to that little New Cinema. On the ground level the Cresta Bar serves small and quick snacks and meals, and beer or wine by the glass.

Kindness in a corner of the New Queen's

Down the steps there is another bar, where cocktails and short drinks are more in demand than long. And across the passage from that is the main room, the Bierkeller itself. Practically every table manages to be in a corner on its own, which is clever architecting, considering that there are many tables and only one room. Java plays his fiddle

for the delight of the ladies at lunch-time, and in the evenings, for dinner or after the show, the music is apt to make you want to sing. Some people do sing, and that 's the way it is. The atmosphere is friendly and informal. You can smoke a pipe if you want to; or you could when I was last there. You can sit till far into the night over a savoury and a flagon of cold beer, and pay an exiguous bill for the privilege.

Both for lunch and dinner the sexes are about evenly distributed, though for lunch you 'll find most of the ladies feeding in groups together; shoppers and matinée-goers, who appreciate the small dishes that the Bierkeller specialises in, light, cool, non-fattening, delicious. Scandinavian smorrebrods, little savouries in earthenware, salads " of a crispness."

Bar beauties at Shepherd's Tavern

The Shepherd's Tavern

ALWAYS on the look-out for significant pointers in the life of the many restaurants I visit, I was pleased to discover that on each of the last three occasions that I have fed at the Shepherd's Tavern, I have heard fellow feeders book their tables for the next meal during the current one. Not a thing that you find yourself doing often, is it? And in this case it isn't as though there were no new faces appearing at Mr. Tomsett's tables. I don't mean to suggest that the forty or so who are gathered together at lunch or dinner there, are always there. But it is indicative of something or other when you hear them at lunch ordering the arrangements for their dinners.

This is a pub primarily. Just at the back of Curzon Street, and within a very short niblick shot of the Curzon Cinema. Downstairs in the bar you 'll find some of the smartest clothes and most comfortable big chairs in Mayfair. The decorations are vaguely period, Adam, Alkem, coaching and a telephone in a sedan chair (I am a bit too large to get the door closed). Upstairs there are more prints and pointers of period; until you get down to the food, which is of to-day, and very good indeed, thank you. Not particularly expensive, for what it is, but not in the pub-range of prices (or quality). Grills, steaks, fish; practically anything you 're in the mood for. Irish stew, and that sort of thing may be the special of the day. The peas, potatoes and beans are dreams of luscious cooking. The wines are carefully selected before listing; and from the short card you 'll be able to be careful or expensive as you please. Comfort and good service. Sundays, dinner only.

All meals—all hours

Café de l'Europe

ACTORS, journalists, and those many who work at occupations which provide entertainment for the rest of us, might like to know and note a really good restaurant which, for twelve hours, midday to midnight, serves meals of any sort at any time. And does so without making you feel that you 're out of order and putting them to trouble. I suppose that restaurateurs are among those categorised above, and I like to think of them from round about, having seen the last of their last customers, putting up their boards, till the next meal, and slipping across to the Café de l'E. for a bite of food! I imagine that doesn't happen much, for obvious reasons. But it could, and I expect restaurateurs sometimes wish it did. It must be terrible to have to finish up the caviare and larks' tongues day after day in your own establishment!

The Café de l'Europe, just now, is counteracting the heat and stuffiness of London by providing vast quantities of the coldest and best dishes obtainable. Crisp salads, iced sweets or sweets that, though not iced, seem to have been kept in a very cold place till you ordered them. Which is nice. Lobsters, and cold wines by the glass. Cold beer, by the pint or half. All quickly served and most welcome.

Yes, they have hot things, too. Till August you can go for their 2/6 grilled salmon, with new potatoes and garden peas; a speciality that tastes as good at the normal tea-time as at the normal lunch or dinner time. And the glass-bound grill works through the day. If the chef is hot, none of the atmosphere comes out into the cool room. You sit and eat his offerings at open windows with breezes playing. Sundays, evening only. EDAX.

Extension Nights

TUESDAY: the Hungaria

WEDNESDAY: Berkeley, Café de Paris, Ritz.

THURSDAY: Blue Room, Dorchester, Grosvenor House, Savoy.

FRIDAY: May Fair, Piccadilly.

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Your loving

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Going Out of Town

Some Places to Remember

Hotel de Paris, Bray

YEAR after year we have advised our readers to go to the Hotel de Paris at Bray as a "First Choice" when going out of London for a few days or a happy evening, and it still holds its first place. The Queen among the riverside hotels and restaurants—queen, not king—because there is something especially alluring about the Hotel de Paris, something gay, almost Continental, in the character of the place.

On fine evenings you dance and dine on the terrace, the band playing in a lovely garden lit with twinkling fairy-lamps. Only if it is too cold need we go indoors and even then, in the terrace dining-room we are still within sight and sound of the river, the scent of many flowers coming through the French windows. Other country hotels have perhaps as many natural advantages, but, nowhere else, I believe, are they used to such good effect. Should you want to go on the river, for instance, you can have a motor-boat, an electric launch, a dinghy, a canoe, any form of river craft at a moment's notice.

The service is not merely good, it is an unobtrusive perfection. The cuisine, too, is equal to that in the best European hotels.

There is dancing every night to a London band, but on Sunday in June and July there will also be a cabaret, from the Ambassador's in Paris, and "Grandfather's Follies" from Grosvenor House.

You will surmise from all this that the proprietor is no ordinary man. He is not—he is M. Charles, M. Charles of the Berkeley and Savoy in their grand old days. In the past he was the friend of many distinguished people from all over the world—now he is a friend and host of every single visitor at his riverside retreat.

Great Fosters

WHEN I wrote about Great Fosters last year, Mr. Jefferies had just taken over the management and reopened this most attractive of country hotels.

Under any circumstances, the beauty of the Elizabethan house and garden must give Great Fosters a charm all its own, but this year the result of hard work and much thought has been to improve the arrangements.

The most important change was the building of a new swimming-pool, heated and filtered. The opening took place on May 14th,

Outside the Hautboy, Ockham: *this picture shows a Brighton Rally de Dion rolling up for a stirrup-cup at the Hautboy—Arthur, the chef, at left*

The Hotel de Paris, Bray: *a view of the riverside resort from its garden*

in the presence of a distinguished gathering—Frances Day, Florence Desmond and Charles Houston, Michael Hillman (actor-manager of the Duchess Theatre), and many other celebrities were among the 100 guests entertained at a luncheon worthy of the occasion.

Special arrangements have been made for the visitors who propose to come here to dine and dance after Ascot. Evening dress is optional, and the dinner-dance costs only 8/6. You will find food and wine equal to that in the best London night haunts, and a first-class band for dancing.

Before the Tattoo, should you wish to avoid the crowd, go down there for an early dinner at 6/6. You will find yourself only a few miles from your destination.

Space forbids me to give here the history of this charming country house where Queen Elizabeth lived in her childhood. Let it suffice to say that lovers of the historic and of the picturesque will like Great Fosters as much as those who go only for amusement and good cooking.

Golf is within easy reach, swimming and sunbathing in and around the new swimming-pool, dancing in the Tithe Hall, archery and tennis in the gardens.

In summer, meals are served on the terrace and in the front of the house, while tea can be taken beside the swimming-pool.

Hautboy

LESS imposing and less known than the Hotel de Paris or Great Fosters, the Hautboy at Ockham deserves a special word of praise, because, although it is smaller and less expensive than they, it will be preferred by those who like quiet and comfort in completely rural surroundings.

It appeals to the select few whose comfort and happiness will be the personal care of its genial host, Mr. Charles Asprey.

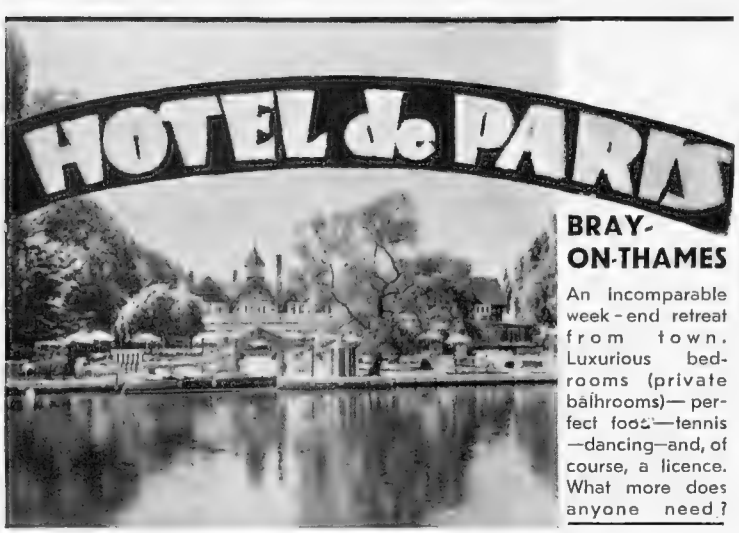
Truly English is the large sunny garden, full of flowers and with a very green lawn where visitors can have tea under the trees.

Truly English, too, is the cosy lounge with its comfortable, old-fashioned furniture, and a relic of the old Mauretania—a frying-pan—made into a clock which belonged to Mr. Asprey as a child.

The bedrooms are as pretty as they are comfortable. Mrs. Asprey herself made the flowery chintz into curtains and chair-covers. She showed her taste in choosing soft pastel shades for the colours—her good sense in providing really good beds, and having fitted basins with hot and cold water.

The only thing not typically English at the Hautboy is the cooking and the astonishing variety of relatively unknown wines and liqueurs, including Chateau Yquem 1914 sold at 3/- a glass. As for the beer, I thought it the best in all Surrey.

Should you lunch there, I would advise you to finish your meal with a cheese; you will find a great variety to choose from, and perhaps a drink of the now famous "Fine Maison" at 2/- a glass. Lunch is only 4/-; dinner, 5/6. No music or dancing, but it would be a grand place to go for dinner in Ascot and Tattoo week.



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